Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
Vol. 69, No. 1787. January 25, 1917
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PERILS OF THE RAIL

Published every Thursday. Annual Subscription Five Dollars. Single Copies, Ten Cents. Price in England, Sixpence.

LIFE

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It's gettin' old, my easy chair—it shorely has seen better days—
But, like some old time boyhood chum, it's sorter learned to know my ways;
No other chair seems half so soft—to hold such welcome arms widespread,
An' use has hollowed out a place just whar a fellow rests his head.

Old things, old friends are ever best—a pipe that's reached its seasoned prime—
Tobacco that has mellowed out beneath the golden touch of time.
I hope, Friend Reader, that you, too, have three such trusty pals somewhere—
Age-mellowed Velvet, close to hand, a seasoned pipe, an easy chair.

Velvet Joe.

Nature-Ageing of Tobacco Should Need Little Recommendation.

Experienced pipe smokers know that ageing alone can bring out a pipe tobacco's last bit of taste, flavor, fragrance, mildness and mellowness. Smokers of less experience need only try Velvet to convince themselves of that fact.

The very basis of Velvet's manufacture is two years' natural ageing of the choicest Kentucky Burley tobacco that experience can select or that money can buy.

Open your first tin of Velvet today, and today will mark the realization of all the enjoyment your pipe *can* give.

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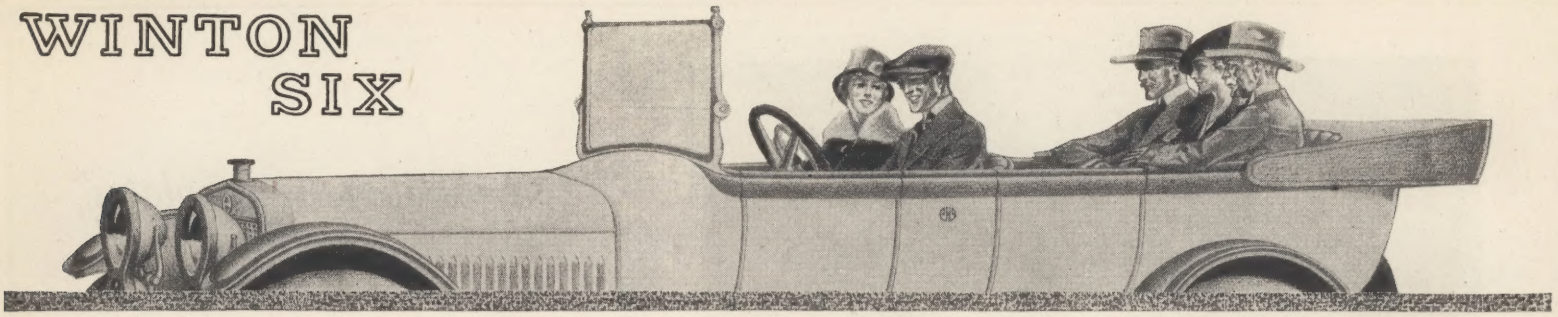
One Pound Glass Humidors
With New Ash Tray Top

WINTON SIX



Charm in Women, Men and Cars

If your friends all looked alike, dressed alike, acted alike, and talked alike, they would become intolerable. Monotony is the death of friendship and of interest in life.

THE charm that men and women have for each other is in their un-likeness, their distinctiveness, their individuality. Enjoyable human contact needs freedom from dead-level similarity in friends and their equipment. We admire individuality in homes, in gardens, in dress, and in motor cars. And all of us commend the taste and good form of those who have a sense of the beautiful in these things.

Happy is the owner of a splendid motor car designed expressly to his personal taste, a car that distinctly *belongs* to him. To create for you precisely that most desirable car is the Winton Company's purpose. Our artists and artisans are at your service, prepared to supply body style, color harmony and appointments just as you would have them. It is our happiness to make your wishes come true. Simply telephone or drop us a card.

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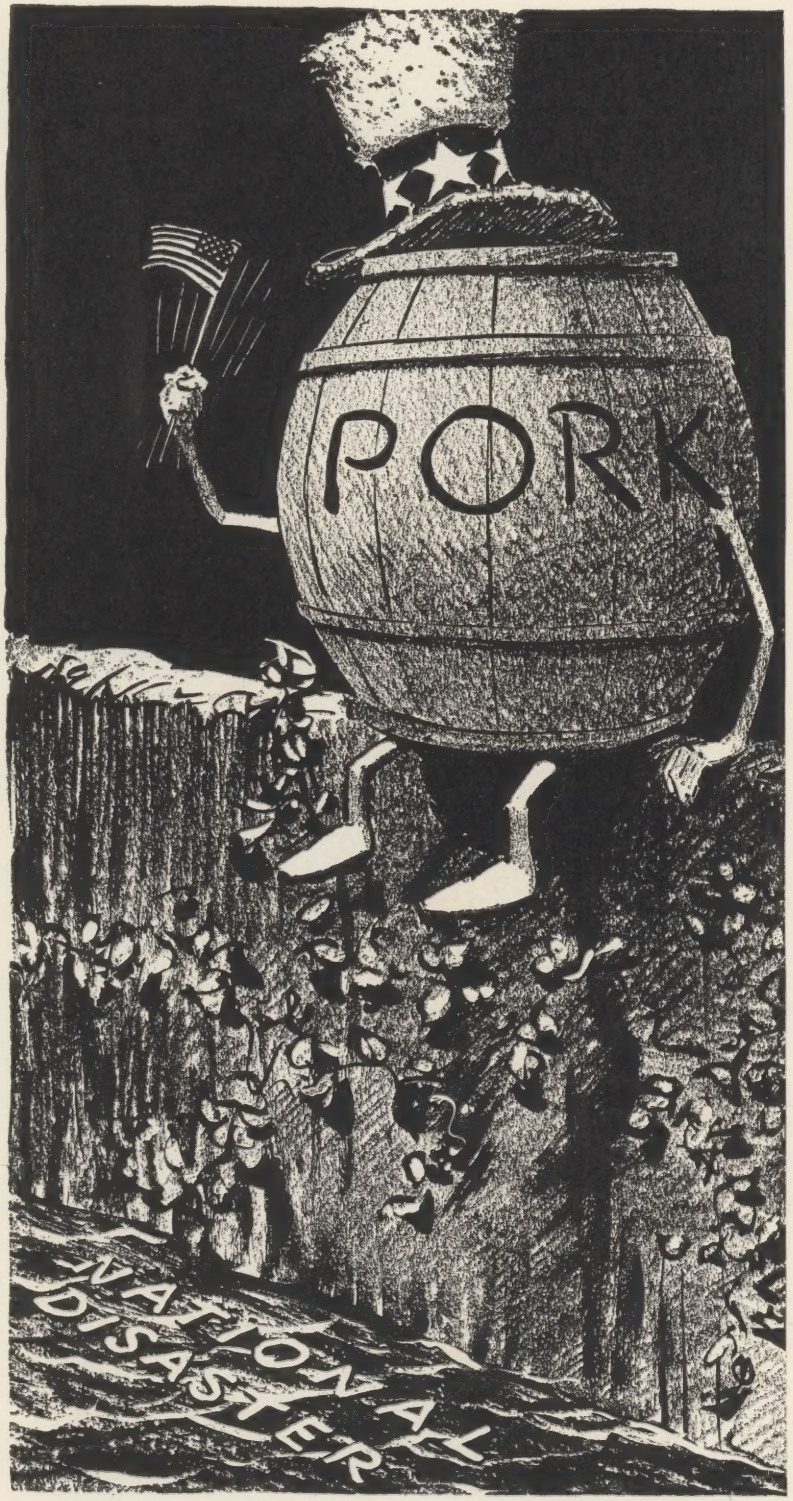

"Where Wealth Accumulates"

The sentence above is the title to the cover of next week's LIFE.

What does it mean?

To what country does it refer?

What has that country been doing?

Do you believe that the subject of the cover of the next LIFE concerns you?

Do you know what Pork means?

Have you had occasion to discover the price of shoes, of turkeys, of bread?

Are you an American?

If so, we suggest that you secure a copy of the next issue of LIFE and look it over carefully.

It is not a special number. It has a few humorous things in it. But it has something else that marks it out as a distinctively American publication.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian $1.13, Foreign $1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

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72

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Wiser One: "BUT YOU CAN BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR ABOUT 'JOHNNIE WALKER' RED LABEL, AND TELL ALL YOU BELIEVE."

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LIFE

No Waste in Picture Buying

A PARAGRAPHER of the Philadelphia *Ledger* was scolding Mr. Frick the other day for spending two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a picture, and pointing out to him various ways in which he could have "done good" with the money.

For at least two reasons it wasn't a sound criticism. One is that the public is quite likely to get, in the end, most of the good pictures that Mr. Frick buys.

The other reason is that money spent for old works of art is not destroyed, but is just as capable of doing good as it was before. Mr. Frick got somebody's picture and somebody got Mr. Frick's quarter-of-million. Nothing has happened to either of these interesting objects, except that they have changed hands. Neither is impaired; neither, in an economic sense, is consumed. Mr. Billings is credited in the newspaper with spending $250,000 on a road to connect his Fort Washington house with the Riverside Drive. That money was consumed, and if the road is a mere unproductive luxury it may have been wasted. But all that has happened to Mr. Frick's $250,000 is that it has been deducted from one bank account and credited to another.

Bulwarks of the Nation

"HOW does he defend his anti-preparedness attitude?"

"He says that if war is forced on us we can fall back on the government's big stock of Civil War rifles for the infantry, confiscate all the lodge swords in the country for the cavalry, and place ourselves on an equal basis with the enemy by having our exhibition flyers destroy all hostile artillery."

Hoch der Kaiser!

BEING President of a pro-Ally country is no easy job, especially if you are secretly pro-German yourself. So we must not blame Dr. Wilson for working against the Allies. Even Bernstorff would do as much.

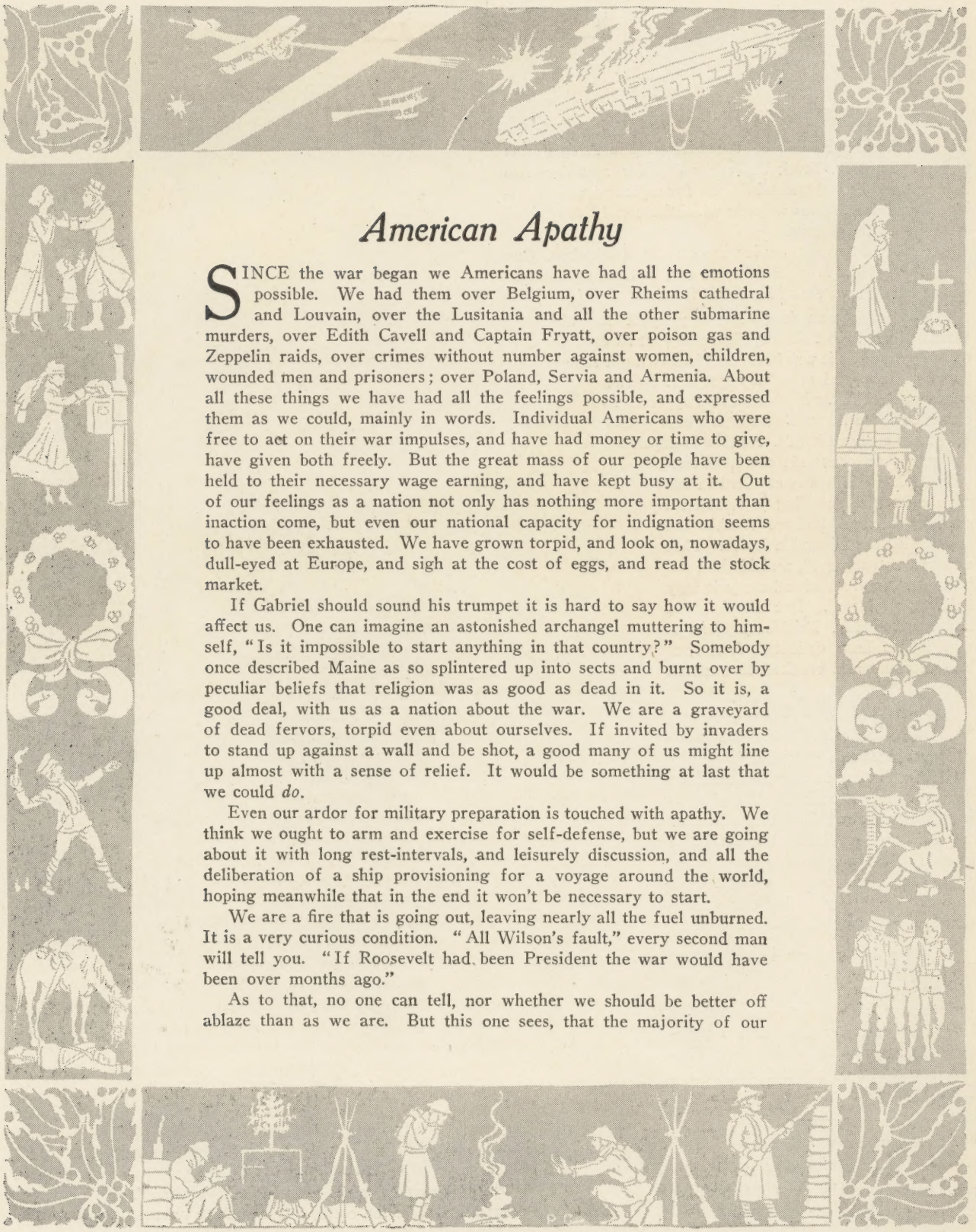
"IS she reliable?"

"Absolutely. You can always depend upon her being just about thirty minutes late."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

"MAY I INTRODUCE MY FRIEND, MR. CAMERON?"

Débutante from the Wilds: OF COURSE. WHAT D'YER SUPPOSE I COME FOR?



American Apathy

SINCE the war began we Americans have had all the emotions possible. We had them over Belgium, over Rheims cathedral and Louvain, over the Lusitania and all the other submarine murders, over Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, over poison gas and Zeppelin raids, over crimes without number against women, children, wounded men and prisoners; over Poland, Servia and Armenia. About all these things we have had all the feelings possible, and expressed them as we could, mainly in words. Individual Americans who were free to act on their war impulses, and have had money or time to give, have given both freely. But the great mass of our people have been held to their necessary wage earning, and have kept busy at it. Out of our feelings as a nation not only has nothing more important than inaction come, but even our national capacity for indignation seems to have been exhausted. We have grown torpid, and look on, nowadays, dull-eyed at Europe, and sigh at the cost of eggs, and read the stock market.

If Gabriel should sound his trumpet it is hard to say how it would affect us. One can imagine an astonished archangel muttering to himself, "Is it impossible to start anything in that country?" Somebody once described Maine as so splintered up into sects and burnt over by peculiar beliefs that religion was as good as dead in it. So it is, a good deal, with us as a nation about the war. We are a graveyard of dead fervors, torpid even about ourselves. If invited by invaders to stand up against a wall and be shot, a good many of us might line up almost with a sense of relief. It would be something at last that we could *do*.

Even our ardor for military preparation is touched with apathy. We think we ought to arm and exercise for self-defense, but we are going about it with long rest-intervals, and leisurely discussion, and all the deliberation of a ship provisioning for a voyage around the world, hoping meanwhile that in the end it won't be necessary to start.

We are a fire that is going out, leaving nearly all the fuel unburned. It is a very curious condition. "All Wilson's fault," every second man will tell you. "If Roosevelt had been President the war would have been over months ago."

As to that, no one can tell, nor whether we should be better off ablaze than as we are. But this one sees, that the majority of our

THE MIRAGE

HIS VISION OF CIVILIZATION

people do not regret to be alive, unwounded and not in the war, nor even repine because they are not more excited and more of a factor in what is going on. They are not comfortable, but at least they are not dead.

Whether you like it or not, this is an impressive fact. If it was the Day of Judgment, and the mass of the Americans declined to attend the exercises, it would seem to be an affront to a great historical occasion. So American apathy seems an affront to war.

But what is there, really, to say? Most of us busy people would prefer not to attend the Day of Judgment, and would not, unless subpoenaed. We should be satisfied to read about it after dinner in the papers, and note what prominent people got. Most of us live in a state of servitude, linked to our employments and unable to break away from them unless there is a great convulsion that sets all the servitors free. Most of us could not get into the war unless our government put the country in. It didn't, and we stayed out. In so far as we are apathetic about it, that is a condition produced by repeated overdoses of sensation combined with inactivity. We can't help it. We can only apologize.

Our friends abroad have not been carrying on the war for our edification, and they won't stop it because we are inattentive. But they won't like our attitude. We are the most important section of their audience, and to have so many of us looking at our watches may seem to them to reflect on their performance.

Not at all; not at all! No offence, gentlemen! What you see in us is just human nature. We can't help it. The performance is unparalleled, but we confess we are almost as anxious to get it over as you are. We can't get into it, and you can't get out of it. You have to fight, and we have to look on. We don't like our end of it much better than you like yours. For heaven's sake don't think of us as happy in neutrality. We are not happy. We are in the frying-pan, and the pains of that position make us at times look enviously at you who are in the fire.

We may yet be rekindled.

It is not likely, but it is conceivable, and, at least, we are dry fuel, charred in places already, and the easier, for that, to start. *E. S. M.*

MONEY is a curious claim on the labor of people who don't owe you anything.

Freddie: UP-TO-DATE GIRL, ISN'T SHE?
Motorist: YEP; 1917 MODEL, Q. D. HAIR, DEMOUNTABLE FIGURE, QUICK PICK UP, GOOD FOR ANY SPEED, NO GLARE LAMPS, DOESN'T WASTE GAS, SELF-STARTING, ONE-MAN CONTROL, AND NON-SKID MORALS FOR SLIPPERY GOING.

Winged Wisdom

MR. F. L. BURNS, the bird census man, has recently been taking a census of English sparrows, and his estimate is that there are 165 millions of this interesting bird in this country. We presume that this is so, although we have no accurate means of checking off his figures, except that, judging by the sound just outside of our window in the morning, we should think that possibly Mr. Burns had underestimated the total.

The English sparrow has thus increased, from the time he first came over to this country, much more than we have. We are only about 113 millions, and he is 165. How can this increase be accounted for?

Quite easily. Since he came he has attended strictly to business. He has not had time to pass any eugenic laws; he has had no medical profession. He is not interested in politics, serums or motor cars. He is not a highbrow. He lives in the fresh air most of the time, and does all of his own housework. He supports no hospitals, has developed no literature, marries and unmarries when he feels like it without the supercilious patronage of an Episcopal Church, and, in fact, does as he d——d pleases. Why should he not increase? For being what an American citizen ought to be, he has the best of us beaten to a frazzle.

T. L. M.

Logic

THE evangelist smashed, with his fist, three pulpits in as many weeks, and stamped four holes through the floor.

The free-will offering amounted to $100,000.

But the city went wet.

"Showing that the maintenance of a logical continuity of events is not, after all, a first consideration with the masses!" remarked the thoughtful onlookers, their interest not unmingled with regret.

CRAWFORD: The war seems to be growing more brutal every day.

CRABSHAW: No wonder. The Allies have been forced to adopt some of the German methods of warfare.

A Plea from the Defendant

On a picture of a muzzled puppy, entitled "All I did was growl a little bit."

YES, here I'm muzzled, fast and tight,
From north to south, from west to east—
I, who have hardly learned to bite,
And never harmed a human beast.
They said, because I ran and hid,
I went to have a private fit.
They called me mad, when all I did
Was growl a little bit!

And when they doused me soaking wet,
They poked me out with pole and broom,
And caught me in a horrid net,
And dragged me to a dirty room.
And when I panted as I slid,
They said "Aha!" and kicked and hit
And used the hose. But all I did
Was growl a little bit.

But Freddy, when they went away,
Brought a big rag to sop me up,
And lovely waffles on a tray
And new milk in a china cup.
He fed me through the net, dear kid,
And said, "Now, take some more of it."
I couldn't thank him: all I did
Was growl a little bit.

It hurts me most to make my bed
In such a dusty, dirty mess.
For "cleanliness," my father said,
"Is next, my dears, to dogliness.
Now, puppies, do as you are bid,"
He said; "be gentledogs or quit."
Of course he knew that all I did
Was growl a little bit.

"Don't get big heads like Cerberus,
Or bay the Dog-star late at night;
Be brave, but don't be quarrelous;
But when you're forced to fighting, fight."
I've sniffed at many a pantry-lid,
And barked at cats that scream and spit;
But this time, surely, all I did
Was growl a little bit.

RENEWING HER YOUTH

There's a fine place, my mother thinks,
Where good dogs go when they are dead.
But my wise father only blinks,
And gnaws his bone, and shakes his head.
But they agree I'll not be chid
Up there, nor muzzled, kicked or hit,
If it is sure that all I did
Was growl a little bit.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

Mr. Mabie

HAMILTON MABIE reached his three-score and ten, and perhaps we ought not to complain of his leaving. But he is much more of a loss than most of us will be. A sweet-natured man; well-trained well-taught, well-seasoned; who went about doing good by diffusing himself and his benign spirit in many communities.

The Optimist: CHEER UP, OLD MAN! I'LL BET WE WAKE UP IN OUR BEDS IN THE MORNING AND FIND THIS IS NOTHING BUT A DREAM

THEN AND

1804—U. S. NAVY PUNISHING TRIPOLITAN CORSAIRS WHO PREYED UPON CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES

NOW

1917—U. S. NAVY STANDING BY WHILE A U-BOAT SINKS A DEFENCELESS PASSENGER VESSEL CONTAINING AMERICANS

The Winner of the $500 Contest in Criticism

WITHOUT a dissenting vote, the judges in LIFE's Contest in Criticism awarded the prize of five hundred dollars to the following contribution:

MY acquaintance with LIFE began in Ireland, in 1896. A passing tourist dropped a copy in the road. We children picked it up, carried it home, marveled at it and treasured it till its frayed pages no longer held together.

Later we came to America. We remembered LIFE. It was the first periodical regularly to enter our home. It still comes.

"An Irishman never reasons." So you will not expect a logical or judicious criticism from me. But the intuitions of an Irishman, like those of a woman, "lead aright where reason leads awry."

Sometimes LIFE treats things that are sacred to us in a flippant way. Its editorials occasionally have a cock-sure tone that grates a little. And there is a trace, now and then, of that provincialism which makes New York and New Yorkers ridiculous.

But, in the main, LIFE is versatile, virile, vivacious. It contains more thought provokers to the square inch than any other paper on the globe. It has a kindly humor, rides no tiresome hobbies, and is unafraid; standing four-square for true Americanism and for a preparedness which will conserve both peace and honor.

Best of all—it has a great, warm heart. Had it nothing else to commend it, its labor of love for suffering childhood, both at home and abroad, would win for LIFE and hold for life the chief place in our affections.

A check for the amount of the prize has been sent to the writer, who is MR. SHAMUS O'SHAUGHNESSY, Walnut and N. E. Seventh Streets, Leavenworth, Kansas.

After the preliminary reading and re-reading of the two thousand five hundred and sixty-two manuscripts complying with the rules of the contest, the final selection narrowed itself down to fifteen contributions. Three of these have already been printed; that of Mrs. John Russell Young, 1513 L Street, Washington, D. C., on page 1152 in the issue of December 21; that of Barr Moses, Brandon, Minn., on page 1192, issue of December 28, and that of Elliot Field, Cleveland, O., on page 92, issue of January 18.

The others of the fifteen follow. Eighty-one contributions were rejected for failure to comply with the rules, which were very simple and printed repeatedly in these pages.

The reading of these comments sent in by LIFE's many friends and apparently few enemies has been both a creator of conceit and a chastener of pride. Above all, it has been instructive. Never in the history of publishing has an editor been able to get so near to the opinions of his readers. In some cases the affection shown for LIFE has been really touching to those who do their best to make LIFE what it is.

It is LIFE's regret that it was not feasible to award the prize to every contestant. The unsuccessful ones must take the will for the deed and with it LIFE's grateful appreciation for the kind words and—as a result of others not so favorable—LIFE's resolution to try to be better than ever before.

DEAR LIFE: *Birmingham, Ala.*

The work of your artists is the greatest factor in your popularity and influence. They excel in sentiment, satire and humor.

With the exception of Arthur Guiterman's verses and occasional contributions from other sources, your poetry is mediocre.

You have the sanest editorial writer, the most discriminating dramatic critic and the most brilliant book reviewer with whom I am acquainted. Save for the writings of Edward S. Martin, Metcalfe and Kerfoot, your original prose is, for the most part, drivel. It lacks spontaneity and wit. It shows a striving after smartness that is not attained.

Your attacks on the medical profession are unjust. Haven't you ever known a country doctor, LIFE? I cannot help sympathizing with you in your attitude toward the vivisectionists, although I fear you do not give them the benefit of the doubt.

I commend your independence, your intolerance of sham in high and low places, your patriotism and your faith in humanity.

Typographically you are a delight. My hat's off to your printer.

And had you a thousand faults, dear LIFE, I would still forgive you because you love dogs and little children.

Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

"IN all thy aspects whether grave or mellow
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast such a lot of wit and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee nor without thee."

DEERE LIFE: *Douglas, Ontario.*

One tam I peek up a papair they call LIFE. It ees a goot papair for sum and a bad papair for sum more. The goot that is in it is on the wrappaire, maybe I dunno—but all life she's just like dat, with the goot on the outside and the bad if she's dug up too mutch.

One tam I like LIFE; one other tam I not so pleased—but one tam I like myself and another tam I keek myself hard. LIFE she's just like dat. I can't make her bettair—nobody can—I can't make her worse, so I say "Bon Santé."

Yurs truily,

HARÉ MOORE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

I TOOK your life four years ago already. You bet your life I would like to again—in one way yes, it is, but not like other time mit five dollars. But mit a rope, knife, or pistol to make schuetzenfest mit you.

I criticiscism your obituaries der Kaiser. I wouldn't read em never.

You ain't neuter. You never vas and never will. You're for all lies and against Germany, you Wilsonuvagun you!

Vere could the world without Germany? At peace instead of pieces. Funny feller. Where would comicals be without Germany, or kultur, or Zeppelpippins, music and musicers?

You cry about French babies. Dry your eyes, you damp crocodile; German babies make you laugh. You're sorry about dogs except dachshund, yet dachshund is nobility of all sausageses.

We get your life yet, and take you to Belgium where von Bissig sicks you on a mad dog and bite you through the thick of your thin, und waccinate you mit limburger. When you outen the lights, Ha, Ha, poison gas comes. You take the baby in the carriage out, und bingum! A Zeppelpippin blows your nose off and scrambles the baby. You drink the well up and typhoid Germans will get you.

Come und see me. I live three floors up. I kick three pairs stairs all the way up you and all the way down you. Dam!

New York City.

TO Whom it May Concern: I take pleasure in recommending the bearer of this note, A. Periodical, who has served me faithfully for a number of years.

Considering the personal nature of his services, it is most necessary that a complete résumé of his faults as well as qual ifications be given, and at his request I do this unreservedly.

He is witty, clever, attractive, ambitious, and thorough. His expositional ability is remarkable, although frequently rendered obnoxious by a totally unnecessary and all too liberal sprinkling of sarcasm, as well as by an annoying propensity to criticise individuals and practices concerning which he has failed to inform himself with a sufficient degree of thoroughness.

His work in the cause of moral and civic betterment has always been thorough and conscientious, inasmuch as he has striven most zealously toward what he believes to be the proper ends. This work, unfortunately, has often been marred by a tendency to pull to pieces and expose to ridicule both sides of an argument, rather than constructively to aid either. His work in the interests of any act or propaganda with which he has seen fit to affiliate himself has been correspondingly clever and successful, but his usefulness in this also has been weakened by a sort of pig-headedness which has caused him to stick to his guns, right or wrong, traditionally regardless of any proof, however overwhelming, that may be offered by the opposition.

A pleasant companion, if a bumptious one. Such is LIFE.

The others of the fifteen criticisms will appear in next week's LIFE.

GREAT AMERICANS

J. CUTTING MELLENS, PRESIDENT OF A CORPORATION NOW BEING INVESTIGATED FOR THE THIRD TIME

Sign of the Times

"IN God We Trust" is less conspicuous on the new half dollar. This is quite in keeping with the spirit of the times. Perhaps we don't trust in God so much as we used to. Now we lean more heavily on dreadnaughts and Wall Street and serums and check books and haberdashers and such other uncelestial contrivances.

SMITH: How's everything at your house?

BROWN: Oh, she's all right!

The Ego

AN Ego is a thing which you carry around with you all the time and cannot get rid of. It was first discovered by a philosopher who had nothing better to do. It is now used extensively by psychologists and sociologists.

The Ego wears no clothes and moves restlessly around inside of you, and if you are a sentient being, whatever that may be, endeavors to make things as uncomfortable for you as possible. The more you expostulate with him, or attempt to reason with him, the worse he is likely to become, unless scientific measures are taken to keep him in his place.

Some people are not aware that they have an Ego, and are correspondingly haughty about it, but that is only because they are ignorant of the higher education. Egos are being used more and more, and soon no home will be complete without a set of them.

You cannot begin too soon in training your Ego, otherwise he may get away from you. Classes in when-to-tell-the-Ego are now in order everywhere.

The national American Ego was born in Concord, Mass., but afterwards lived in Boston, where he has since made his headquarters. He has, however, been seen as far west as Kansas and as far south as Louisville, Ky., where he was handsomely entertained by Colonel Henry Watterson.

Great care should be taken with your Ego, not to excite him unduly. He should be fed on simple, wholesome thoughts until he can run around by himself. If you treat him right and keep him under, in middle age you will be able to listen to a baseball game or lose money at a one-night poker-stand without having him interrupt you by any of his subconscious college cries.

"THE old lady has named me as her heir."

"But she's named me as her lawyer."

"WHAT IS YOUR CALF MEASUREMENT?"
"SIR!"
"BUT, MADAM, NUMBER FOURS COME IN TEN CALF SIZES."

"THERE! WHAT'D I TELL YA, PERCY? YOU CAN'T HIT NUTHIN'."

The Reason

WILLIS: What is a "coming-out party"?

GILLIS: It always looked to me like a desperate attempt on the part of society people to make children fashionable.

Learning to Live

YOU can't learn to live. All you can do is to keep on learning to live. That is because at each particular age we must live in a different way on account of the new conditions in which we find our constitutions. A young baby, having mastered all the intricacies of nursing bottle and rubber nipple, may thrive and be happy, but that only proves that it has learned to live with respect to that particular period of its existence. As it continues year after year in the school of life, it will have to change its diet many times.

Never at any time would it be proper to hand you a diploma certifying that you have learned how to live. You graduate from the school of life only at the grave, and then the only thing that can be safely asserted is that you have learned how to die.

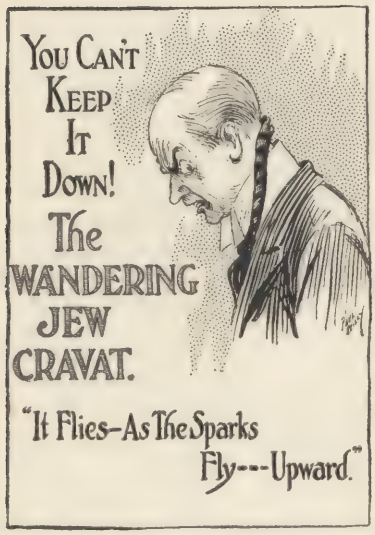
E. O. J.

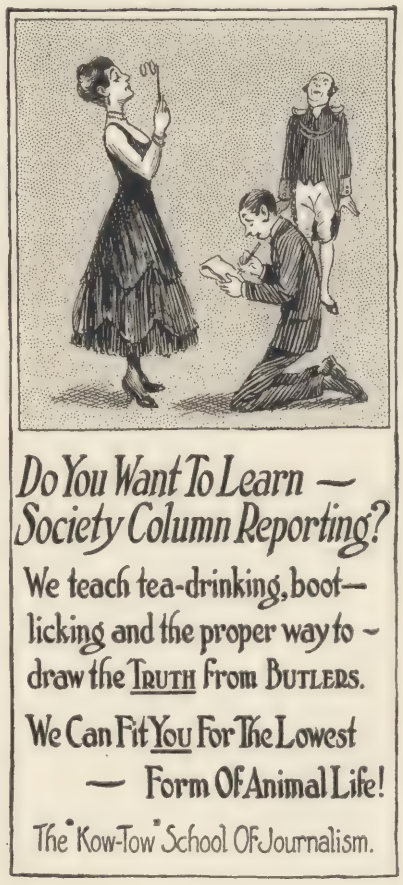
Preferred Risk

"WHAT have automobiles got to do with life insurance?"

"If you own a car," replied the solicitor, "the premium is less, for there isn't the danger of being run over by one."

Advertisements You Have Never Seen

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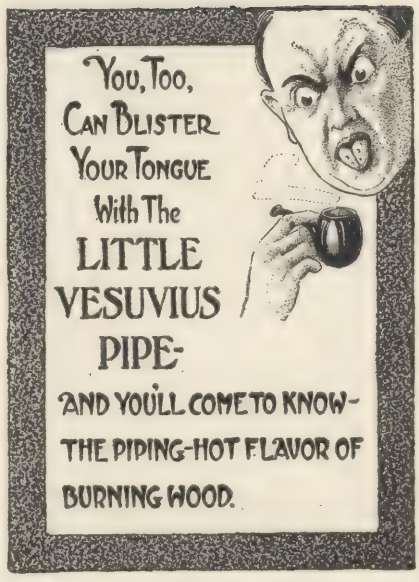

You, Too, Can Blister Your Tongue With The LITTLE VESUVIUS PIPE-
AND YOU'LL COME TO KNOW-
THE PIPING-HOT FLAVOR OF BURNING WOOD.

The Modern Age

WINE without alcohol,
Plays without plots,
Innocent criminals,
Colorless blots,
Indolent industry,
Penniless wealth,
Obvious mystery,
Counterfeit health,
Cellars in attics,
Foundations above,
Judicious fanatics,
Affectionless love.

France

IT is noteworthy that in all the vast literature of the war—polemic, attack, reply, denunciation, vituperation—the name of France remains unsullied and unblamed. For it is not only the British who have been led into a still more intense admiration of the high and noble qualities of their ally. In the most bitter speeches and writings of the Germans, on the contrary, unwilling tribute is paid to France, to her heroism and steadiness. Moreover, in the microscopic examination of causes leading up to the war, France has had to shoulder least responsibility. Both parties to the controversy seek motives and instigation elsewhere than in the Gallic republic. That all this should be so may, perhaps, in time lead the peoples of Europe to a great conclusion: If predatory monarchies are the governments that make war, end the monarchies. For it would seem that it is only the republics which, after all that has been said against them, and despite their marked and many defects, seek peace. The Republic of France has suffered greatly and innocently, but it may find requital for its sacrifice in a universal dethronement of kings after the war. Such a step would not end all our social troubles, but at least it would give us time to attend to them. Meanwhile, Hail, France!

Efficiency?

REORGANIZATION of the Cabinet in March will provide an excellent opportunity to consolidate the offices of Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy under the supervision of one officer, to be known as Secretary of Peace.

Young Mrs. Partington

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND: How is your mother this morning, my little girl?

LITTLE GIRL: Much better, thank you. She is able to be upholstered in bed this morning.

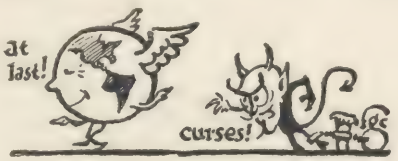
JANUARY 25, 1917. *"While there is Life there's Hope"* VOL. 69 No. 1787

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, *Pres't.* A. MILLER, *Sec'y and Treas.*
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

THE President's note inviting the belligerents to define their aims was popular in Germany and with the Hearst papers and other pro-German papers here. It was respectfully received by the pro-Ally papers here that support the administration, and denounced as meddlesome by most of those in the opposition. But Germany, though welcoming the President's invitation, has not accepted it. Neither are Germany, nor pro-Germans here, at all pleased with the Allies' reply. "We are annoyed," says Mr. Hearst's *American*, "that such childish stuff should have found a place in a document that must be historical and that purports to deal with the real issues of this tremendous world-war." And the Kaiser feels no better about it. "Our enemies have dropped the mask," he says, "and admitted their lust for conquest."

All the same, the Kaiser, as yet, avoids a show-down. The Allies have been sufficiently explicit in declaring their intentions, but the Kaiser sticks to shopworn generalities which have lost even their glitter. "Our glorious victories and iron strength of will," our "burning indignation and holy wrath," "this glorious spirit of freedom in our brave people's hearts," will "give us full victory," he says, "over all the enemy's rage for destruction."

So he whistles to keep courage up, but does not say what he wants. Perhaps he is grateful to Mr. Wilson for giving the Allies a chance to disclose the enormity of their desires, but it does not sound so. But London, having read the Allies' reply with satisfaction, seems quite pleased with Mr. Wilson for calling it out. The New York *Times'* correspondent declared (January 14th) that whereas three weeks earlier Mr. Wilson "was anathema throughout allied Europe, to-day he is stronger and America is stronger in England and France than perhaps at any time since the sinking of the Lusitania."



IT looks so; and all because the Allies made so candid and so polite an answer to inquiries. Postponing particulars of compensations and indemnities until "the hour of negotiations," they want the restoration of Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro, with indemnities; the evacuation of invaded territories of France, Russia and Rumania, with just reparation; the reorganization of Europe guaranteed by a stable settlement framed to suit the people concerned and guaranteed against unjust attacks; the restoration of provinces wrested in the past from the Allies; liberation of Italians, Slavs and Rumanians from foreign domination; relief of populations subject to Turkey and the expulsion of the Turkish empire from Europe.

Besides these simple needs, a new Poland to be erected from designs by the Czar, and the liberation of Europe from "the brutal covetousness of Prussian militarism," but by no means the extermination or political disappearance of the German peoples.

Certainly they could not well have asked for less, and what Berlin and Mr. Hearst and other sanguine souls expected them to say is a good deal of a mystery. Now it is for Berlin to define hopes and run boundaries around aspirations, and then, possibly, we shall get forward a little towards guessing how near the earth comes to being large enough to satisfy its claimants, and how many more of its inhabitants must perish before its territorial insufficiency is cured.

Meanwhile, nobody mentions Mesopotamia or posts a claim to Bagdad, the Allies being too polite as yet to say the Germans can't have them, and the Kaiser too modest as yet to point out that "Gott," who knows a pious man when He sees him, has awarded them to him.

Neither does anyone expound with much confidence the present state of Russia, where, behind the war, revolution and reaction continue active in the ring, and round follows round without a visible decision.

AS for our own concerns (so far as they are detachable from the affairs of Europe), the observer of the big puddle must sympathize with a looker-on at one of the local ones, who writes: "In regard to questions that have arisen * * * I merely sit still and watch with interest the vagaries of the human mind, and derive experience, if not solace and enlightenment, therefrom."

So it is when we regard the war; so it is when we think of our own matters, as to which there is always a lot to do and a lot being done, but which constantly furnish the regardful mind with astonishments.

Why, why do we read the papers? What matters it if Harry Thaw is caught or loose? Let the police attend

A CHRISTMAS PEACE TRICK

The Verdun Poilu: DEAR OLD WILLIAM, GOT YOU AGAIN. THE FRENCH ARMY GAVE ITS ANSWER TO THE GERMAN PEACE PROPOSALS OF THE 15TH OF DECEMBER, 1916, WHEN, AT VERDUN, IT CAPTURED OVER ELEVEN THOUSAND PRISONERS AND RETOOK NEARLY ALL THE GROUND LOST SINCE LAST FEBRUARY.

to him without so much of our assistance. It is nice that our precious Southerners who run the post office committees in Congress have not done New York out of its pneumatic tubes. Our thanks to Congress for that! But it was dull reading about it. Neither has there been much solace in the dismal story of gross and cruel maladministration in the Trenton state prison in New Jersey, or in following Lawson's various impertinences in the "leak" investigations, or in keeping up with the extraordinary altercations between Mr. Swann and Mr. Breckenridge of the New York District Attorney's office, and trying to puzzle out which gentleman is the rascal.

There is experience to be derived from reading about the Suffs who now infest the White House gates, but hardly enlightenment. Is it just a sporadic freak, or does it mean that we have coming to us a series of annoyances from fanatical females?

And then there were the two stories of explosions of munitions, which made so much noise, broke so much glass, interrupted one of our great, peaceful industries and destroyed a lot of valuable property. The pacifists will be glad because the exploded shells did so much less injury to human life than if they had been let off as intended, but that is a fallacious satisfaction, and not really well founded, since they were made to help stop the war, and failed completely of that purpose.

THE "drys" are confident they will shut off all our rum in three or four years more, but who can contemplate that with any brisk excitement? The milder and better of the alcoholic drinks, like the good German beer and the mild wines of Europe, are a solace, and probably a benefit to civilized life, and ought not to be driven out; but the great mass of "drys" know nothing about drinks, and make no distinctions between alcoholic beverages, and where they have the power they make a clean sweep of all of them.

Never mind. This is the great experimental democracy. The Mahommedans have been "dry" for a thousand years and over, and a lot of them have survived, and so shall we. But our "dryness," if we get it, will only be a process. It will be a disappointment, and when enough people find out that it is not the patent path to universal salvation they will try to improve on it, and will probably succeed.

Meanwhile Adolphus Busch, the brewer, of St. Louis is quite right in his warning that our present methods of diffusing grog are very, very faulty, and that unless they are greatly improved they will be abolished.

In spite even of the gallant efforts of a squad of Princeton sophs to extirpate the Princeton clubs, this is a discouraging world to persons who permit things to discourage them. But nobody should do that, because this is the only world available to us as a residence at this time, and it is wiser to be patient with one's home till a better one offers.

There is a good deal of solace in the information we are getting just now from Sir Oliver Lodge about the life that awaits us when our ticket here has been punched. Nothing in the papers is more interesting than the extracts from Sir Oliver's book, and though it is all somewhat sketchy, very little of what the papers give us is more credible.

The Wallflower

Just a Dash of Shakespeare and Some Others

AFTER a pretty steady diet of modern farce and farcical comedy, domestic and imported, one returns to the greatest of farcical comedies, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with a good deal of the satisfaction to be found in gratifying the appetite for a substantial meal after a surfeit of picked-up dishes and pastry. Shakespeare may be unfashionable, but he is distinctly satisfying, particularly in such excellent presentation as that given to "The Merry Wives" by Mr. Tom Wise and his competent support.

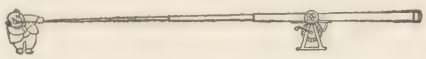
In America the character of *Falstaff* is associated with the name of the elder Hackett, but it is doubtful that any writer for the present generation can recall his impersonation for purposes of comparison. Certain it is that no portrayal of the character seen in America, within memory, equals that of Mr. Wise in bringing out the phases called for in "The Merry Wives." Since his first performance last year, reviewed in this column, Mr. Wise has, without reference to the physical side, rounded into the part. His only defect, if any, is that he makes the old rascal too forgivable and lovable

The cast is an admirable one, particularly in a day when there is a poverty of Shakespearian actors. Constance Collier and Isabel Irving are delightfully contrasting as the madcap wives, and communicate to the whole tone of the production a spirit of gayety that seems to infect their fellow artists as it does the audience. The whole effort deserves the generous support of those who care for Shakespeare. Those of the younger generation who shrink from Shakespeare as something beyond their modern understanding might be surprised to find in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" quite as much fun as in light plays of the present vogue.

IT must be a curious mind that could choose such a title as "'Ception Shoals," and follow it with such an explanation of the elision as is given in the play itself. But the title, the play and the star are well joined in an effort to gain interest in the sexually morbid problem propounded. When one sees the name of Nazimova billed an expectation of the abnormal is excited, and in the present case the expectation is not disappointed. Her following will find the promise fulfilled, but this does not mean that the performance will be pleasing to those looking for either wholesome or rational theatrical entertainment.

Nazimova's admirers will find her less bedecked than usual, particularly in the opening act, where her costume is only a very frank bathing suit. They will find her quite as magnetic as ever, and her voice as overly sweet as usual in ordinary speech, leading to uncouth and barbaric sounds in the emotional scenes.

There is much that is unusual and unexplainable in "'Ception Shoals," together with a good deal that is tiresome. It is not entertainment for the healthy-minded.



THE Washington Square Players are quite within their province when they present, presumably for educational purposes, such a play as Andreyeff's "The Life of Man" to an audience composed entirely of their friends and supporters. It would hardly do as a commercial attraction. It does show, however, that life in Russia must be pretty dreary if "The Life of Man" is regarded as amusement or mental diversion.

"IN FOR THE NIGHT" is labelled farce, and has for its basis a highly improbable but essentially farcical idea. The characters who, through misunderstanding and for other reasons, would not of their own accord pass any time in one another's society, find themselves crowded together in a small country hotel and besieged by a gathering of menagerie wild beasts who have escaped from their cages.

CONSTANCE COLLIER AS *Mistress Ford*, MR. TOM WISE AS *Falstaff*, AND ISABEL IRVING AS *Mistress Page*

"HE'S AN OCTOGENARIAN."
"WHAT'S THAT?"
"WHY, IT'S ANYBODY WHO BREATHES NOTHIN' BUT OCTOGEN."

A good deal of the material is trite, and the complications are forced, even for farce, but the principal defect of "In for the Night" is that even its best material is ruined by lack of energetic stage management. For farce to drag is fatal.

MR. JEROME KERN, as composer of light music calculated to please the popular fancy, seems to have achieved the distinction of putting over two successful scores in eight days. The first of these is "Have a Heart," for which Colonel Savage has provided an excellent cast and an elaborate staging, which would be notable if this kind of expensive equipment had not become necessary to every girl-and-music show. The cast, backed up by an abundance of attractive chorus material, renders well the music of Mr. Kern and the brighter-than-usual libretto of Messrs. Bolton and Wodehouse.

The guarantee of quality associated with Colonel Savage's name is made good in the case of "Have a Heart," which adds one more to the light musical entertainments which New York and its visitors never seem to tire of.

IN "Love o' Mike" we have more tinkling music from Mr. Kern, the literary material in this case being supplied by Messrs. Thomas Sydney and H. B. Smith. In this company every one has to work. What would in the usual girl-and-music show be the ordinary chorus is here composed of a few young men and women of higher than chorus calibre, all having speaking, singing and dancing parts of more or less importance.

In the second act "Love o' Mike" could stand a bit of condensation, but in its entirety it is bright and sparkling, and almost justifies its description of "a comedy with music."

IT is no breach of confidence to state that a certain contemporary librettist had an idea of basing a comic opera on the present Democratic Congress, but had to give it up on account of the impossibility of finding enough comedians to complete the cast. *Metcalfe.*

Confidential Guide

Astor.—"Her Soldier Boy" with Adele Rowland and Messrs. Clifton Crawford and John Charles Thomas. Agreeable musical piece with plot unnecessarily touching the present war, but amusingly acted.

Belasco.—Frances Starr in "Little Lady in Blue." Wholesome little comedy of the days when England's sailors sailed and fought sailing ships. Sentimental and well done.

Booth.—Mr. William Faversham in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married." The author's usual satirical drives at British institutions, witty and very well staged.

Casino.—Anna Held in "Follow Me." Elaborately staged girl-and-music show with the star's performance notable for her ability in the way of impossible costumes.

Century.—"The Century Girl." Girl-and-music show on the largest possible scale.

Cohan and Harris's.—"Captain Kidd, Jr." Well acted and clean little comedy with rural humor and sentimental touches.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players. Four playlets of different types, interesting and done in novel fashion.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Well presented and somewhat amusing farce of fast life located on Long Island.

Criterion.—Julia Arthur in "Seremonda." Romantic tragedy in verse. Handsomely mounted and quite interesting.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters," by Mr. Max Marcin. Amusing burglar play, laughable and well done, with a number of surprises.

Empire.—Maude Adams in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." Anglo-Scotch fantasy with the star as the heroine of a dream romance. Interesting and well staged.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Joan the Woman" in moving-picture demonstration, with Geraldine Farrar as the star. Joan of Arc with a love interest and some thrilling fight scenes.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair," by Mr. Bayard Veiller. Mystery melodrama, absorbing and well acted.

Fulton.—"In for the Night," by James Savery. See above.

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. Laughable farcical comedy with reformed near-criminals furnishing most of the fun.

Globe.—Laurette Taylor in "The Harp of Life," by Mr. J. Hartley Manners. Another essay on the dangers of youthful sex-ignorance in the form of fairly interesting drama.

Harris.—"The Yellow Jacket." Humorously presented and interesting drama, well done in Chinese style.

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." Vaudeville, spectacle, ice carnival and ballet, all big and brilliant.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. David Warfield in revival of "The Music Master," by the late Charles Klein. The star's admirable portrayal of the German musician with its diverting background of pathos and humor.

Liberty.—"Have a Heart." See above.

Little.—"L'Enfant Prodigue," re-christened "Pierrot the Prodigal." Exquisite French pantomime, well performed and with delightful descriptive musical accompaniment.

Longacre.—Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. A laughable attempt to show that, in spite of Tom Lawson, there are circumstances in which a Wall Street man may tell the truth.

Lyceum.—"Her Husband's Wife." Cleverly acted revival of an extremely light American comedy.

Lyric.—Last fortnight of "A Daughter of the Gods." The shapely diveuse in picturesque Jamaican settings threaded on a childish movie-picture play.

Maxine Elliott's.—Gertrude Kingston in two plays by Shaw and one by Lord Dunsany. Interesting and unusual combination.

Park.—Mr. Tom Wise's excellent portrayal of *Falstaff* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." See above.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Goodman. Strong play showing the trials and tribulations of a young American in the process of being saved from going to perdition.

Princess.—Nazimova in "'Ception Shoals." See above.

Punch and Judy.—Last week of "Treasure Island." The picturesque staging of the Stevenson pirate story at popular prices.

Republic.—"Good Gracious, Annabelle." Sketchy but clever farcical comedy. Well done.

Shubert.—"Love o' Mike." See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31," by Rachel Crothers. Pathetic and diverting story of old age and its amusing side-lights.

Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." Elaborate girl-and-music show with a better appeal than usual to the amusement demands of the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—A cabaret and vaudeville performance beginning at midnight to relieve the sleepless from the sheep-counting process.

THE VOICE OF THE TEMPTER

A French Mother Speaks

ACROSS the sea the children kind
Are giving up their play to find
A way to scatter hope and cheer
Among the lonely children here
Whom war and want have left behind.

'Tis hard, when one has never dined
On broken crust and sodden rind,
To realize the hunger drear
Across the sea.

Yet those sweet mothers have divined
So well to teach each childish mind
How sadder women dread and fear
To lose the babies they hold dear,
That chains of love our hearts fast bind
Across the sea!

Charlotte Becker.

Civilization's Index

I ONCE saw a Dahoman village which to me expressed the most savage conditions of primitive man. The natives, in little more than nose-rings, sat about, beating tom-toms and hollow logs. It froze the marrow of my bones, but to them it was music.

Later I visited a Chinese joss house. The uncanny whining of their musettes chilled my blood and suggested the wail of a soul in purgatory. To them it was music.

Last night I went to a theatre where, between the acts, a number of men in the orchestra pit beat upon drums, crashed cymbals and banged tambourines. Bedlam was outdone. I stopped my ears, and my heart stood still with horror for the trend of my generation. A fashionable audience applauded madly. To them it was music.

Things We Never Hope to See

BELGIUM invading Germany.
The t. b. m. rested.
An anti-vivisection institute.
Children who mind without arguing.
The h. c. of l. reduced.
A neutral American. *O. C. L.*

MRS. DORCAS: The women are determined on dress reform, and sooner or later will devise a costume that is just right.

DORCAS: I'll bet you it won't stay in style more than a couple of months.

Arthur Knew

A MODERN American school pupil, whose name was Arthur, arose at eight-thirty in the morning, after a hard night's dancing.

"It's a great pity," he observed crossly at the breakfast table, "that father has to have his breakfast so early; the coffee is really unbearable."

Sauntering leisurely to school, he went through his recitations with that becoming abandon which should characterize the scion of every fairly well-to-do household. At three-thirty he was dismissed and went to the moving-picture show, after which he played basket-ball for an hour, to get up an appetite for dinner.

This dinner was unfortunately late, owing to the fact that his father, who was a splendid specimen of the tired business man, had been detained at the office on business. This occasioned Arthur great uneasiness, as he, too, had an important engagement to go on an auto ride with some nice young girls in the class ahead of him. His father, who was really too tired to do much more than frown, was promptly sat on by his mother for suggesting that Arthur was going the society pace that kills, or at least very much depletes, and Arthur, not being interested in the conversation, hurried away; for it was a point of honor with him never to be late to a social affair. Thus passed the day.

The other days in the week were about the same, except Saturday, upon which day Arthur had a whole holiday; on Sunday, carefully keeping away from church, as a matter of principle, he spent his time in checking up his social engagements for the coming week.

In June Arthur went away on his summer vacation, bidding good-bye to his father with some concern. His father's health was always a matter of concern to Arthur, because upon it depended his supply of pocket money. Thus passed the years to maturity.

At twenty-three Arthur applied for a position with a respectable business house.

"Your hours," suggested the manager, not unkindly, "will be from eight-thirty A. M. to five-thirty P. M.; on Saturday you get off at three."

"But," briskly responded Arthur, "I have never been accustomed to working on Saturday, and on all other days I have knocked off at about three-thirty. Can't you arrange your business so that your clerks can do their work in short, forty-five-minute periods, have a recess in the morning and afternoon on the plan that I have indicated, and then get away early

"IS THE BOSS IN?"
"DOES IT LOOK LIKE THE BOSS WAS IN?"

in June, coming back in September very much refreshed?"

"Young man," said the manager severely, "what do you think we are? Don't you know that the whole country would stop if we did things that way? It's astonishing that any American boy should entertain such a view."

But Arthur was nobody's fool; his long social career had given him *savoir faire;* besides, he really knew what he was talking about.

"Not so, sir," he responded blithely. "You have the utmost respect for our system of government, I presume?"

"I have."

"A remarkably effective democracy, sir; one of which we are all proud; I know something about it, as I was in a civics class once for a short term, and we read at least halfway through a text book; well, sir, here's the point."

Arthur looked at the manager so haughtily that that gentleman unconsciously winced with chagrin.

"The point is, that our government fits us school children for the business of life, from the time we are five until we are graduated from its school system, by precisely the methods I have just described. Having acquired the habit of not working on Saturday, of going away all summer, of knocking off at three-thirty, and of doing my work only at certain periods, all of this being prescribed and backed up by the state, why, sir, should you presume to say I am wrong, when I have the government distinctly back of me? Are you not thoroughly ashamed of yourself?"

So saying, Arthur lighted a cigarette, and walked leisurely away to his father's office to get his next month's allowance, leaving the discomfited manager to his own patriotic reflections.

Last Resorts

DOMESTIC cigars.
The horse cab.
The opera.
The "needle."
The cabaret.
The solitaire puzzle.
The park bench.
The morgue.
The dime novel.
The "curb."
Blackwell's Island.
Marriage.

COLLETTE PERREAU, BABY 379, AND HER OLDER SISTER

The War Orphans

FROM LIFE's generous readers we have received $60,216.91, from which 351,400.74 francs have been remitted to Paris. Lack of space prevents our doing more than to say that a contribution of seventy-three dollars maintains a destitute French war orphan with its mother for two years, and gratefully to acknowledge from

George B. Hopkins, New York City, for Babies Nos. 759, 760, 761, 762 and 763	$365
J. B. N., West Hartford, Conn., for Baby No. 764	73
L. R., New York City, for Baby No. 765	73
Unitarian Sunday School, Bangor, Me., for Baby No. 766	73
Kanawha War Relief Association of Charleston, W. Va., for Baby No. 767	73
"M," San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 768	73
Ella L. and E. D. Wetmore, Santa Barbara, Cal., for Baby No. 769	73
E. W., West Newton, Mass., for Baby No. 770	73
Castilleja School, Palo Alto, Cal., for Baby No. 771	73
Tommy Halladay, Englewood, N. J., for Baby No. 772	73
Allan and Gerald Phipps, Denver, Colo., for Baby No. 773	73
Frances Cox, New York City, for Baby No. 774	73
J. A. Mitchell, New York City, for Baby No. 775	73
Barbara Ripley Evans, Palo Alto, Cal., for Baby No. 776	73
W. J. Turner, Rancagua, Chile, for Babies Nos. 777, 778, 779, 780, 781 and 782	438
Mrs. Benj. Eastwood, Paterson, N. J., for Baby No. 784	73
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kramer, Eldorado, Kansas, for Baby No. 785	73
"L." Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 786	73
Freehold, for Baby No. 787	73
Barbara Cummer, Jacksonville, Fla., for Baby No. 788	73
John Q. Lyman, Penn's Grove, N. J., for Baby No. 789	73
Bernard Hubbard, San Diego, Cal., for Baby No. 790	73
Alice Pomeroy Smith, Elmira, N. Y., for Baby No. 791	73
Elisabeth H. Skinner, New York City, for Baby No. 792	73
Foster Myers and Jesse L. Myers, Toledo, O., for Baby No. 794	73
Miss Harriet Ashhurst, Philadelphia, Pa., for Babies Nos. 795 and 796	146
Miss Roxana Cowles, Ipswich, Mass., for Baby No. 797	73
Friend, Buffalo, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 798 and 799	146
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Brown, Vancouver, Wash., for Baby No. 800	73
Frank S. and Elma Heisley, Wilkinsburg, Pa., for Baby No. 801	73
Mrs. W. H. Kiichli, Duluth, Minn., for Baby No. 802	73
Edmund Clark, Cleveland, O., for Baby No. 803	73
Miss Elizabeth B. Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa., for Baby No. 804	73
James T. Kilbreth, Jr., Woodmere, L. I., for Baby No. 805	73
Babies of Millinocket, Millinocket, Me., for Baby No. 806	73
School Children of Millinocket, Millinocket, Me., for Baby No. 807	73
Friend, Philadelphia, Pa., for Babies Nos. 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816 and 817	730
Mrs. Charles W. Walworth, Lawrence, Mass., for Baby No. 818	73
Pilgrim Chapter of Iowa City, by Dr. Clarence Van Epps, Onawa, Iowa, for Baby No. 819	73
Louise Nelson Whitaker, Wheeling, W. Va., for Baby No. 820	73

FOR BABY NUMBER 668

New York State French Teachers' Fund—Collected by Prof. A. W. Ballard, Teachers' College, Columbia University	$3
Already acknowledged	20.65
	$23.65

FOR BABY NUMBER 737

Already acknowledged	$47.46
For L. M. DeM., Birmingham, Ala.	3.75
Mrs. Josephine Schneider, Hugo, Cal.	10
Gratitude to St. Anthony of Padua, Boston, Mass.	1
Barbara Ripley Evans, Palo Alto, Cal.	2
Winifred Langston, Wenonah, N. J.	2.50
Z. Y. X., Camden, N. J.	5
Martha T. H. Hinchman, Queenstown, Md.	1.29
	$73

SUZANNE AND ROBERT MERRAUT, BABIES 97 AND 98

JEAN THOMAS, BABY 220, AND HIS MOTHER

FOR BABY NUMBER 783

W. J. Turner, Rancagua, Chile	$37
Martha T. H. Hinchman, Queenstown, Md.	.71
Elizabeth Hopkins Carter, Queenstown, Md.	5
Frank Beckwith, Delta, Utah	2
E. W., Columbus, New Mexico	25
B. P., New York City	.25
B. R. Fierstine, Utica, N. Y.	3.04
	$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 793

O. T. Wallace, Washington, D. C.	$50
B. R. Fierstine, Utica, N. Y.	1.96
	$51.96

In this list we print first the number and name of the baby, followed by the names of the contributors.

583. Armand Gaboriau. Miss Margaret F. Johnston, Lexington, Ky.

519. André Jamain. "Russian Bank," San Francisco, California.

536 Albert Lheureux. Several contributors.

479. Gilbert Auger. The Century Club, Roanoke, Va.

480. Renée Auger. The Century Club, Roanoke, Va.

574. Antoinette Boita. B. C. and Philip B. Taber, Buffalo, N. Y.

575. Firmin Boita. B. C. and Philip B. Taber, Buffalo, N. Y.

551. Simone Bordas. Sophie K. Underwood and Gertrude B. Lane, New York City.

488. Martial Bouillot. "In memory of Adelbert." Toledo, O.

507. Charles Brandstetter. J. V. N. D., New York City.

514. Jean Brunet. Mrs. S. W. Patterson, Vivian, W. Va.

558. Jean Cabelguen. Myra Upton Elms, Montclair, N. J.

576. Jean Charton. Tipton, Edwin and Stuart Blish, Seymour, Ind.

454. Georges Chennevière. Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Corbin, New Britain, Conn.

(*Continued on page* 151)

THE ROAD TO THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE

Coming Into Her Own

THE middle-aged woman of England has found herself. Out of the war has come her mental and national salvation. A great joy is in her heart. She is wanted for her own sake. It has been suddenly discovered, in the national crisis, that every quality that goes to make for the highest natural harmonies the middle-aged woman possesses in abundance. She has experience; she has learned patience and humility. She is tender and skilful and enduring; and sentiment has come within her to have a real spiritual meaning. England's women have hitherto not held the same place in what, for want of a better term, we may call racial regard as the women of America. In this country the suffrage, for all practical purposes, has come as a natural consequence of woman's demand for it. How different was England's attitude before the war! It was almost heart-breaking to see the terrible morass of misunderstanding in which both men and women fell over a problem that really should have presented no serious difficulty. Now out of the war has come a pure spirit of a really higher racial communion. And the middle-aged woman has come into her own. Is it not beautiful? It seems so to us.

The Seven Wonders of the World

THE German food supply.
The traffic on Fifth Avenue.
The modern wife.
Wall Street.
The musical comedy.
Futurism.
Villa.

Rude

THE substance of Europe's answer to Mr. Wilson seems to be:
"You talk too much."

Stout Golfer: WELL, CADDIE, I'VE PLAYED TWO WEEKS NOW; CAN YOU SEE ANY IMPROVEMENT?

"I COULD TELL BETTER IF YOU'D TURN SIDE VIEW."

"THERE! THE HORRID THING WAS ON TIME!"

Invitation to a Thief

Robbed a Man of Sixty-five Years

I WISH that thief would come this way!
I would not aid in his arrest,
But I would give him wreaths of bay
And of my scanty store the best;
No armed preparedness I'd show,
Nor would I use my front door key,
For I've a dozen years or so
I'd like to have him steal from me.

I have some years which I would hide
In dark, dim cupboards, safe from sight,
Where they could surely not be spied
When he came prowling in the night;
But years more gilded and more gay
Would heaped upon my table be,
And there'd be nothing in the way
To stealing them away from me.

But after he had fled with them
I'd bar the door and guard the shack,
So not by force or strategem
Could he contrive to bring them back.
For better, in their place, I know
I'd live, if it could only be
That he some dozen years or so
Could come and steal away from me.

MURPHY: It's twins the O'Haras have got.

MRS. MURPHY: An' who told ye?

MURPHY: No wan. I seen O'Hara.

The Latest Books

WE speak of the "thread of a story" and of a sailor's "spinning a yarn." We say, of less simply sequent narratives, that they are "intricately woven." We talk of the "warp and woof" of their construction. We speak of the Loom of Fiction. We draw in many familiar ways on the vocabulary of the painter to define our perceptions of "word pictures." We speak of a novelist's "canvas"; of the "drawing" of his characters; of the "background" of his story. We say that his figures "seem to stand out." We confess by a hundred thoughtless analogies to the two dimensional and front-sided impressions that we derive from ordinary fiction. And though we occasionally recognize the architect in the author—speak of the way a story is "built up" and of its "balanced construction," our derisive comparing of a piece of realism to a "chunk of life" is as near as we usually come to sensing the full-formed, sculptural possibilities of verbal narratives.

"SUSSEX GORSE" (Knopf, $1.50), by Sheila Kaye-Smith, is rugged reading, but the resulting impression is three-dimensioned—a conception that the author has not so much seemed to "build up" for us as to hew out of the living rock of life. It is the story of a dominant passion—of an English peasant farmer's hunger for land; of his pitting himself against the unconquered barrenness of a sloping wilderness of ancient "common"; of his sacrificing of wife and children and every human attribute in himself and others to his sole ambition; of his final victorious standing out, granitic, lonely, yet rock-rooted amid the wrecked lives and foregone joys that lie about him like the litter of a sculptor's chisel. It is rugged reading, but rewarding; one of the just-passed year's finest pieces of creative writing.

I KNOW of no one among the newer books that can be more happily placed in contrasting juxtaposition to this novel than William Dean Howells' "Years of My Youth" (Harpers, $2.00). This is the fourth autobiographical volume that Mr. Howells has published; but so far from its being, on that account, the less rich in intrinsic content, it is the purest distillation of his personal spirit that any of them have given us. It is as though, in "My Literary Passions" and in "Literary Friends and Acquaintances," he had answered all the prospective questions of specialized inquiry and was here free to look back on life itself with that same realization of the simpleness of complex things that his fiction is so full of.

"THE Last Voyage of the Karluk" (Small, Maynard, $2.50) is as straightforward and unassuming a tale of bold endeavor, overwhelming catastrophe and doggedly resourceful grappling with difficulty and danger as has come out of the Arctic for many a day. The author, Robert A. Bartlett (whose narrative has been edited by Ralph T. Hale) was captain of Peary's ship the

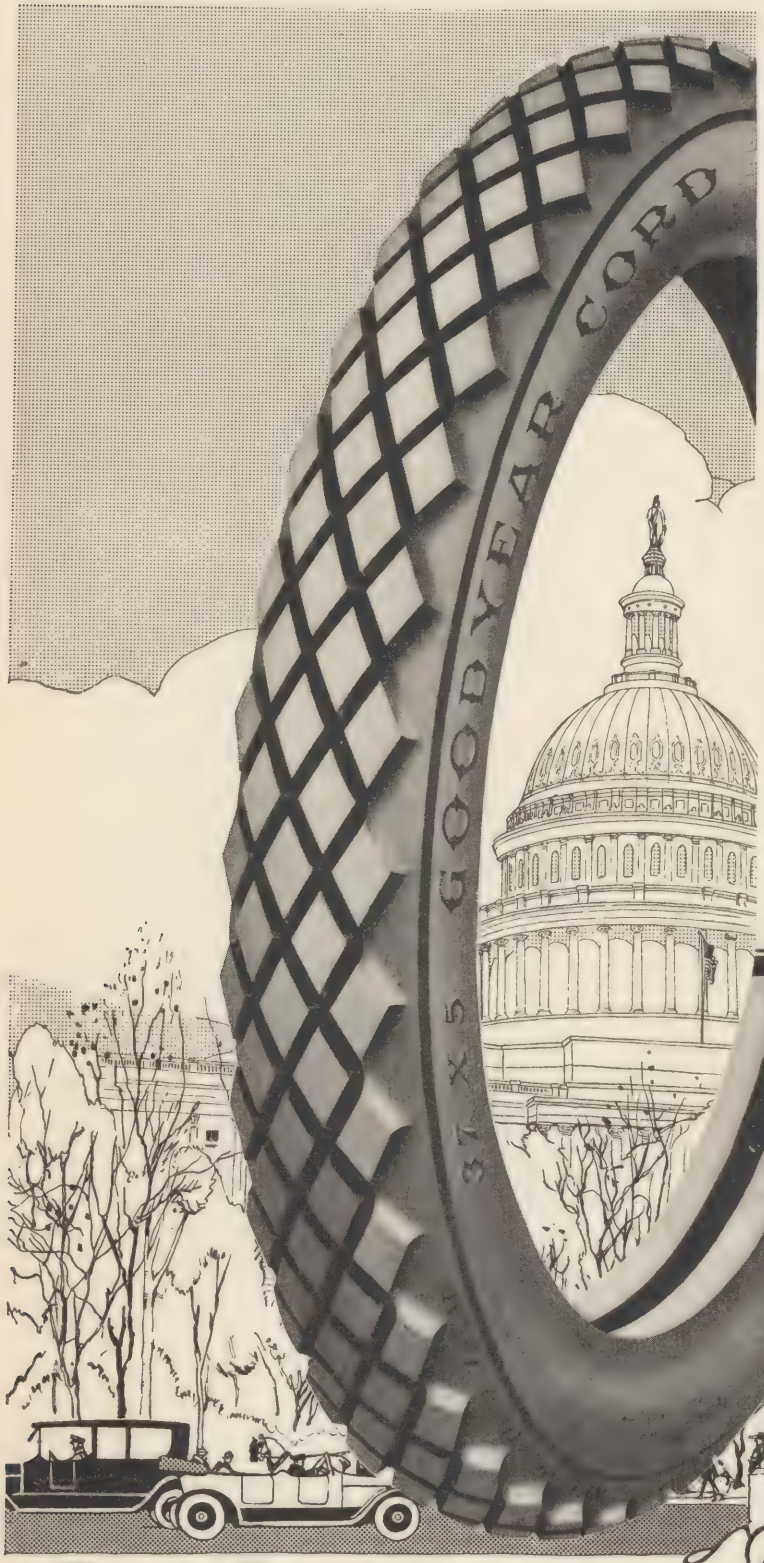
(*Continued on page* 157)

IN NEW YORK

Visitor to New York: OFFICER, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I'LL FIND ANOTHER CHRISTIAN?

Officer: THERE'S A BUST OF ONE IN THE KOSHER MUSEUM.

The administrative center of the American Republic—the National Capitol, Washington, D. C.



All That Tires Can Give, These Give

Two cardinal properties—pliancy and strength—determine the efficiency or incompetence of any automobile tire.

On pliancy depends comfort, activity, power-saving and fuel-thrift.

On strength rests endurance, economy, security and gallantry of conduct.

In Goodyear Cord Tires both pliancy and strength are combined in a measure never before realized, and to a prowess never before attainable.

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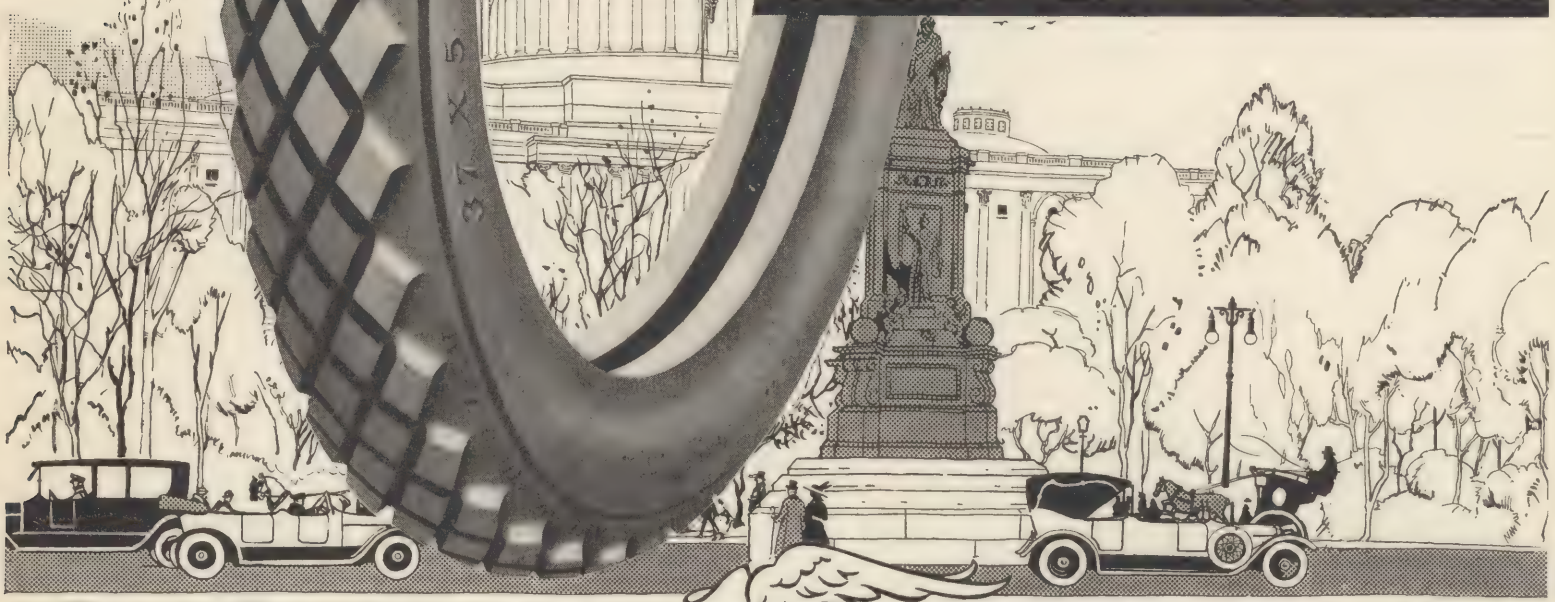

GOODYEAR

AKRON

CORD TIRES

AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Great Provocation

Mr. Wood was the kind of man always asking obvious questions. The other morning he was passing the home of an acquaintance and stopped in astonishment. In front of the house were two large moving-vans. The lawn was strewn with furniture, pictures, etc. Mr. Morse, the owner, appeared, grimy, weary and ill-tempered.

"Hello, Morse!" cried Wood. "Are you moving?"

"Not at all," snapped Morse. "I'm just taking my furniture out for a ride."

—Harper's Magazine.

Similar Tastes

A French lady recently married because the bridegroom's taste and hers were similar. "I don't care very much for him and he doesn't care very much for me," she explained.

—London Opinion.

BILLIARD TERM

"REVERSE ENGLISH"

The Only Way

The Irish sergeant had a squad of recruits on the rifle-range.

He tried them on the five-hundred-yard range, but none of them could hit the target. Then he tried them on the three-hundred-yard, the two-hundred-yard, and the one-hundred-yard ranges in turn, but with no better success. When they had all missed on the shortest range he looked around in despair. Then he straightened up.

"Squad, attention!" he commanded. "Fix bayonets! *Char-r-ge!*"

—Everybody's.

Intimidation

GENTLEMAN (*giving alms to a beggar*): Now play me a beautiful piece on your clarinet!

BEGGAR: No, sir; I can't play! I only carry the instrument to frighten people!

—Meggendorfer Blätter.

"HEY, what did you go and sell them apples fer?"

"Ain't they fer sale?"

"No. Them was the samples we take out to our automobile customers."

—Columbus Citizen.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. $5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, $1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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Original Bottling
Has Old Gold Label

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO.
Distillers, Nashville, Tenn.

4D

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To the Tropics A Cruise

To the West Indies

under the American Flag

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Sailing March 10th

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The War Orphans

(*Continued from page 146*)

589. Raymond Roehrig. Several contributors.
565. Marcel Rosier. Alfred Millard, McKittrick, Cal.
566. Prosper Roussel. Ethel M. Eberhard, Berkeley, Cal.
568. Ernest Royer. J. S. F., Grass Valley, Cal.
559. Jacqueline Seigneur. Miss Mary E. Dodsworth, Englewood, N. J.
560. Jean Seigneur. Miss Mary E. Dodsworth, Englewood, N. J.
597. Geneviève Taveau. David Gray, Jr., Grosse Point Farms, Mich.
570. Pierre Tavernier. Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Kellogg, Wilmette, Ill.
599. Albert Terret. Several contributors.
571. Madeleine Verchère. "Miramar" Polo Club, Tampico, Mexico.
517. Emilienne Verrechia. Teachers of the College of the City of New York.
604. Ernest Verrechia. Lakeview Club, Great Falls, Mont.
572. Edmond Vogels. Mrs. Herbert Welsh, Philadelphia, Pa.
577. Maurice Wang. Malsie T. Livingston, Alameda, Cal.
578. Albert Abry. Mrs. Stella R. Whitaker, Wheeling, W. Va.
579. Denise Blavette. N. Price Whitaker, Wheeling, W. Va.
580. Geneviève Besselle. Malcolm and Katherine Whitaker, Wheeling, W. Va.
581. René Gerraud. Miss Mary E. Williams, Glastonbury, Conn.
598. Robert Lesure. H. C. MacRae, Baltimore, Md.
600. Roland Lesure. Mrs. John C. Kirby, New Brighton, S. I.
535. Caroline Schiaretti. Teachers of the Hunter College of New York City.
573. Marie Schiaretti. Teachers of the Franklin School of Buffalo, N. Y.
582. Henri Séjourné. Martha B. Williams, Glastonbury, Conn.
596. Albert Trouilloud. Virginia, Frances and Anna Allen Danson, Glendale, O.
592. Gaston Trouilloud. Joseph and Mary Annis, Detroit, Mich.
593. Raymonde Trouilloud. Joseph and Mary Annis, Detroit, Mich.
584. Louis Stéphan. Kenneth C. M. Sills, Brunswick, Me.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Many Illnesses can be traced to Indigestion

It is the lack of a sufficient quantity of the gastric juices of the mouth that causes many cases of indigestion.

Improperly digested food, as everyone knows, interferes seriously with the functions of all the vital organs, and frequently leads to serious illnesses.

The chewing of Beeman's Pepsin Gum, into which I have put pure chicle and pepsin in nicely balanced proportions, releases the gastric juices of the mouth which make up largely for what was lacking when the food causing the indigestion was eaten.

D. E. Beeman

Doctor E. E. Beeman

CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

The Original Malted Milk

Nourishing
Delicious
Digestible

The powder dissolves in water. Needs no cooking—Keep it on hand.

Rich Milk, Malted grain extract in powder.
For Infants, Invalids and growing children.
Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body.
Invigorates nursing mothers, and the aged.

The Original Food-Drink for all ages.
More nourishing than tea, coffee, etc.
In the home, or at Hotels and Cafes.
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590. Odette Schellhorn. "Anonymous," London, England.
591. Lucien Saint Pol. Mrs. E. F. H., West Point, N. Y.
602. Paul Naud. Clara McAllister, Washington, D. C.
603. Henri Naud. Miss Agnes W. Bragg, Bangor, Me.
594. Roland L'Hotellier. Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Scott, Chicago, Ill.
585. Elisabeth Augery. The Staff of the Los Angeles Public Library, Los Angeles, Cal.
586. Marie Elgayhen. Richard Martin Compton, Gale Woodruff Compton and Charles Edward Compton, Chicago, Ill.
595. Ernest Dupont. Charles S. Pierce, Boston, Mass.
537. Anne Vidal. S. W. Waterhouse, San Jose, Cal.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

That Chicago Experiment

Chicago sages sometimes give
Their plans unhampered sway.
A few are trying now to live
On forty cents a day.

A poet might point out the way
And hardly even try.
He'd think, on forty cents a day,
That he was living high.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail. 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Keeping Up With Father

It was a Pike County woman who indited a note to the teacher concerning the punishment of her young hopeful. The note ran thus:

"Dear Miss ——: You rite me about whippin' Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beat him up any time it is necessary to learn his lesson. He is just like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Pound nolege into him. I want him to get it and don't pay no attention what his father says—I'll handle him."—*Reading Eagle.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents the case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

"How does young Flubdub stand in college?"

"Not so well."

"Why is that?"

"He is all right enough in his studies, but he is more than suspected of cutting football games."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

EGYPTIAN
DEITIES
"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip
People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.
25¢
S. Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World
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EGYPTIAN DEITIES
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No. 3 Superfine
FACTORY AND DEPOT NEW YORK

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

BACARDI TRY IT!
MAKES THE PERFECT COCKTAIL, HIGHBALL OR RICKEY.
Folder containing recipes of famous Bacardi drinks mailed on request
D. S. DEJONGH. 127 Water Street, New York

The Sister's Reply

He was a young subaltern. One evening the Sister had just finished making him comfortable for the night, and before going off duty asked: "Is there anything I can do for you before I leave?"

Dear little Two Stars replied: "Well, yes! I should like very much to be kissed good-night."

Sister rustled to the door. "Just wait till I call the orderly," she said. "He does all the rough work here."

—*London Opinion.*

SUBBUBS: My neighbor has a big dog that we are all afraid of. What would you advise?

"Get a bigger one. Five dollars, please."—*Boston Transcript.*

We stand for *Moderation.*

We believe that a man should be no less *moderate* when drinking than when eating, or in his conduct of other affairs.

That's why for nearly 100 years we have made a particularly mild and mellow Whiskey—*Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!*

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 East 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB"

Fidelity Rewarded

By Dorothy Greenfell

A comment on words uttered by the late Prof. Rutherford: "We experimented on dogs old and otherwise worthless."

"I was not useful? So
He says; nor young, nor strong;
My master ought to know,
I've followed him so long.

"For many and many a day
I followed well content,
Might I but go the way
That he, my master, went.

"I listened for his foot,
I strove his thought to scan;
For I was but a brute,
And he I loved was man.

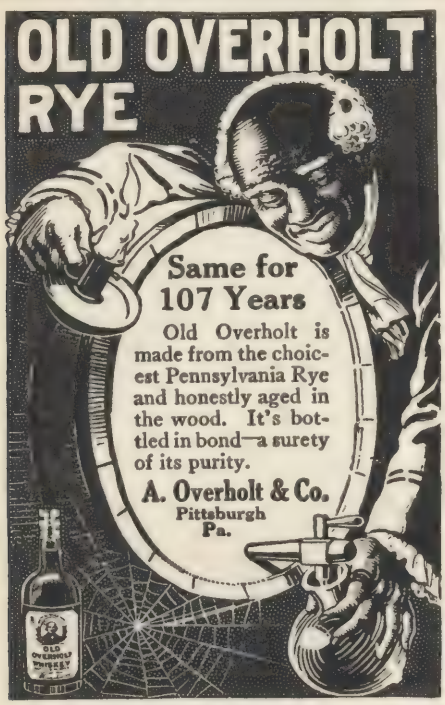
* * *

"Some secret hint to track,
Of life's poor trembling frame,
He nailed me to a rack
And pierced and tore my frame.

"He saw me slowly die
In agonies acute,
For he was man, and I
Was nothing but a brute."

—From *The Open Door.*

"ZOUNDS!" exclaimed George III when the Chancellor of the Exchequer informed him that he could not have that week's copy of LIFE *because the Royal Purveyor of Periodicals had sold out his supply. "Send a ten years' subscription to the publishers, so this shan't occur again."*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Same for 107 Years
Old Overholt is made from the choicest Pennsylvania Rye and honestly aged in the wood. It's bottled in bond—a surety of its purity.
A. Overholt & Co.
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To introduce Old Overholt Rye to those who have not yet tried it, we will send, express prepaid, a case of 12 bottles of Old Overholt, 6 years old and bottled in bond, for $11.50. Send check or money order.

Westinghouse

STARTING LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

The Temperature Test

Through the long night, the cold has been ceaselessly working to put shackles on your engine.

It has thickened the lubricating oil, made a veritable refrigerator of the gas passages and sent the temperature of the gasoline plunging downwards.

In short, it has done almost everything possible to make the engine "stiff" and the fuel slow to vaporize.

Yet when you take the wheel of your car these winter mornings and press your foot on the starting button, it is up to your electrical system to undo all this in a moment.

Such mornings as these provide a severe test of your car's electrical equipment. And on such mornings as these you appreciate the exceptional engineering ability and the extra care that go into Westinghouse Equipment.

A quick start in cold weather requires a starter with capacity to whirl the flywheel of a "stiff" engine at high speed. This, in turn, demands a generator that does its part in keeping the storage battery fully charged. And, of course, there must be a "fat" spark in the combustion chambers.

Westinghouse Starting Motors are built to turn over the flywheel of a cold engine at from 150 to 175 revolutions a minute, insuring rapid vaporizing of the gas, and to do it with the least current, so as not to drain the battery.

Westinghouse Generators begin charging the battery at low engine-speed, but are so regulated that they do not overcharge it at high speed. Westinghouse Ignition Units can be counted upon to put the spark where it's needed when it's needed.

These are some of the reasons the makers of the fifty-three automobiles here named are willing to pay the higher price for Westinghouse Equipment.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Automobile Equipment Department
Shadyside Works Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse Equipment Used on These Cars and Trucks:

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GRAY-DORT
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LOCOMOBILE
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MITCHELL C-42
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NATIONAL HIGHWAY SIX
OGREN
PIERCE-ARROW
RIDDLE LIMOUSINE
SINGER
STEARNS
STEWART SIX

Motor Trucks

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DUPLEX-POWER
FEDERAL*
GARFORD
GERSIX
GRAMM-BERNSTEIN
KELLY-SPRINGFIELD*
NELSON-LeMOON
PIERCE-ARROW*
RIKER*
SERVICE*
STEGEMAN
WICHITA*
*Optional

Funeral Cars

CUNNINGHAM
GREAT EAGLE (U. S.)
MICHIGAN
RIDDLE

Fire Apparatus

AMERICAN LaFRANCE
MAXIM
SEAGRAVE

Mine Locomotives

MILWAUKEE-GASOLINE LOCOMOTIVES

British Derivations

IT is interesting to remark that Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, who was quoted the other day as of opinion that the German peace proposals were a result of the fighting on the Somme, is the son and biographer of Frederick Denison Maurice, the famous English preacher.

In England, also, ministers' sons are liable to arrive.

Lloyd George is not a minister's son, but his father was a Unitarian schoolmaster. He got his early education at Llanystymdwy Church School, married a wife from Mynyddednyfed, Criccieth, and lives, when at home, at Brynawelon. Etymologically speaking, these are pretty solemn facts.

"THEY say that Congress is more extravagant than ever."

"Well, Congress is supposed to represent the American people, isn't it?"

What is Clysmic?

A delicious sparkling table water —corrective in all acidosis conditions of the stomach and system.

15 grains of Lithia Salts to the gallon.

Sold everywhere in splits, pints and quarts only.

Don't accept ordinary waters.

Insist on genuine CLYSMIC — THE KING OF TABLE WATERS — WAUKESHA, WIS.

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GOLF

For Rates and Tariff apply
Carl Stanley, Manager

The Grace and Figure of Youth

is possible to every one—man or woman—and especially those who are acquiring excessive flesh as a result of advancing years.

Figure Mold Garments

give beautiful lines, gentle support and firm, graceful contour, without stiffness of constriction—replacing the corset—the perfect garment for every one who wishes to appear at their best.

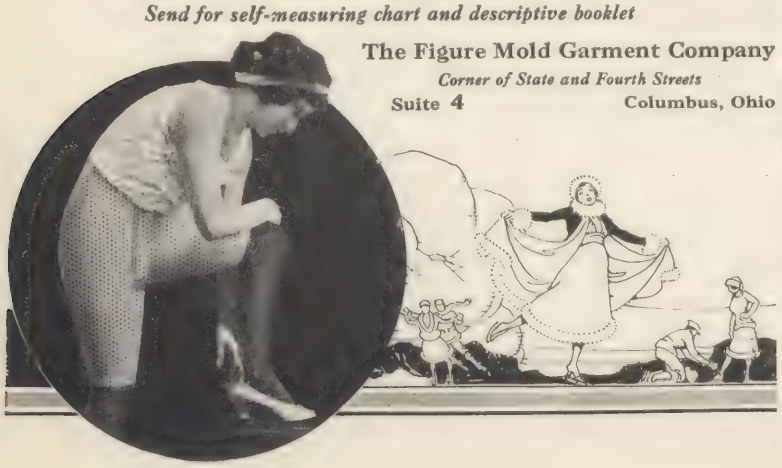
Where reduction is desired it is accomplished instantly, by correctly supporting and distributing the flesh, while permanent reduction is effected within a short time *without dieting, sweating or discomfort.*

Made to order from individual measurements—not a slip-over—not a sweat bath. Scientifically designed for health and comfort. Endorsed by physicians and surgeons—will out-wear four ordinary corsets.

A special model has been designed for men who desire an easy support or wish to retain a vigorous, well-set-up physique.

Send for self-measuring chart and descriptive booklet

The Figure Mold Garment Company
Corner of State and Fourth Streets
Suite 4 **Columbus, Ohio**



Club Cocktails

NO matter how good the whiskey—or the gin or Vermouth—you put in your cocktail, the result is disastrous to pride and palate—if they are proportioned by guess-work.

Club Cocktails owe their smoothness and delicious flavor to exact and accurate mixing—and to their ageing before bottling. A *good* cocktail is made-to-measure, not made by guess-work.

All the popular kinds—at your dealer's

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BROTHER

New York **Hartford** **London**

Rear Admiral Fiske Says

THAT the instrument that has decided the rise and fall of nations has been military power.

That if any cow and any lion have found themselves alone together, the lion has outlived the cow.

That the importance to a country of her navy varies as the square of the value of her foreign trade.

That the probability of war between any two countries is least when their navies are equal in power.

That the United States, in spite of having spent enormous sums on its navy, has never adopted any definite or reasonable naval policy.

That our navy is not deficient in material or personnel, but in strategy, which is the determining element in military efficiency.

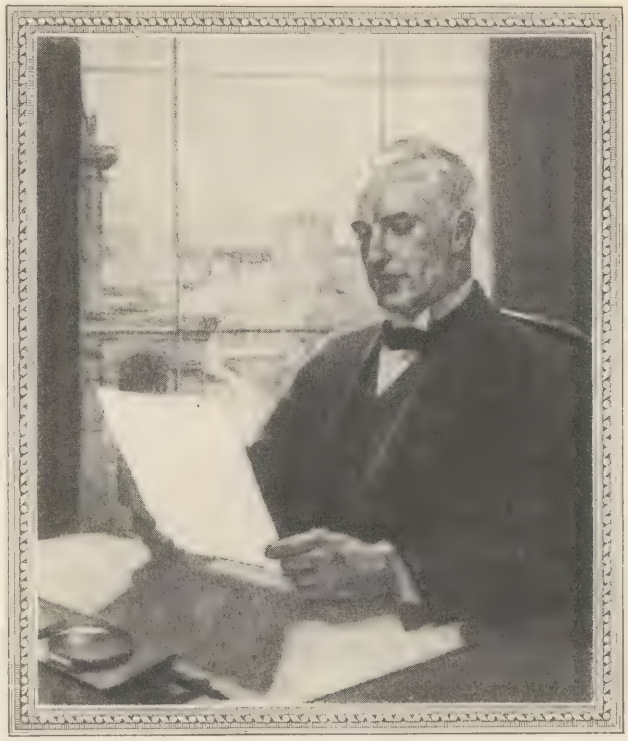
That though some civilian heads of navies have shown a comprehension of naval matters greater than might have been expected, none has made a record of performance like the trained naval ministers of foreign powers.

That the success of the naval machine in war depends largely on the understanding that exists between the commander-in-chief and the head of the Navy Department.

That the greatest danger to be feared in a naval crisis is loss of time.

That if the strategy directing a navy is incorrect, we can accomplish little by improving the discipline, and may do harm.

Rear Admiral Fiske's book, "The Navy as a Fighting Machine," just published by Scribner's ($2.00), is the most valuable discussion of our naval problem that we have seen, and is of particular importance to the lay reader. Every intelligent citizen should read it. It is untechnical in language, lucid and extraordinarily interesting.



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So, all 'round, America has come into her own, and hereafter, war or no war, people will see this American wine first.

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AMERICAN WINE COMPANY
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HER FIRST LOVE AFFAIR

Mr. Whitridge

TO lose Frederick Whitridge out of New York was fit to give us a premonition of what our feelings will be when we lose the Madison Square Garden. He was not ordinary, but picturesque and highly decorative in person, word and deportment, and we could very ill spare him. He was also useful, but that is not so much matter, because we have plenty of useful men left and more coming. But neither in being, nor in prospect, are there many gentlemen who are at all in Mr. Whitridge's class as a municipal embellishment and entertainment.

It was a pity that the energies of a man, shaped by nature to be editor of the *Evening Post*, should ever have been diverted to the practice of law. He had a mind, and his natural calling was to speak it in public. When, by a lucky chance, he became receiver of a railroad and began to write public letters and scold, he came, in a way, to his own. But one laments his wasted years devoted to mere law practices and things men do for a living.

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Pure and mellow—the finest product of the distiller's art.

Can Germany make peace now?
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How goes life inside Germany?
In the towns, the cities, the country?
Are the people back home starving?
What do they eat, what does it cost?
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What do they think of each of their allies?
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Of America?

These and other questions are answered in

INSIDE THE GERMAN EMPIRE

In the Third Year of the War

With a Foreword by James W. Gerard, American Ambassador to Germany

By HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE

A RECORD of observations and deductions in Germany during the latter months of 1916; the work of a trained American newspaper man who has just returned from the Kaiser's empire, after being accorded during his visit unusual opportunities to see and study men and affairs.

Mr. Swope's book is a fascinating portrayal of the workings of the most completely organized society in the world. On its pages stand out the marvelous foresight, the almost perfect unity, the iron discipline, which make of seventy millions of men, women, and children a great battling force, whose vanguard is the German army and navy, but whose strength, courage, endurance, and confidence spring from all the people, irrespective of age, position or sex.

For the first time in history an entire empire has been put in a state of siege, and how the manifold problems confronting Germany and her dependent allies have been met and solved makes an epic story. Mr. Swope shows that Germany is to-day a vast industrial and agricultural enterprise whose goal is the safety, health and fortunes of its millions of employees and directors. War is the cause and the justification for the many miracles of organization which have been performed, but the results and effects of the changes wrought will cut deep into civilized society, whatever the outcome of the military struggle may be.

Implicit in the book are many tremendous and valuable lessons for this country—lessons both of things to do and things not to do.

Mr. Swope adds a series of notes of fugitive impressions and random facts that help to give the story life, color and detail.

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LESSON IN MILITARY TACTICS

PRESENT ARMS WHEN IN THE PRESENCE OF YOUR SUPERIOR

The Latest Books

(*Continued from page 148*)

Roosevelt and subsequently commanded Stefansson's flagship, the Karluk, which was crushed and sunk in the polar ice in 1913 after Stefansson himself had been separated from her. The survivors of the expedition were rescued after Bartlett had walked hundreds of miles to and along the Siberian coast.

HENRY IRVING DODGE'S "Skinner's Dress Suit" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.00) is one of the single-threaded fictions that are not even "woven." A knot here and there supplies the need for difficulties to overcome. *Skinner* is a clerk with a small salary, a hand-grown bank account, and a cutaway coat. Circumstances trick him into the extravagance of evening clothes. Evening clothes lead him into self-assertion. Self-assertion leads him into partnership and society. He is, in fact, that ornithological novelty, an ugly duckling in swallow-tails. And the moral, openly disclosed by his open-fronted apparel, is "don't be a mouch." *J. B. Kerfoot.*

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Spend the Winter Months at Virginia Hot Springs, the one spot in all America where "a cure" can be taken just as comfortably as in the Spring, Summer or Fall.

The inestimable benefits of the healing waters (naturally heated 106°) have won international recognition for Virginia Hot Springs as one of the *world's most famous resorts* where the climate, scenic beauty and general surroundings are unsurpassed.

The completely equipped modern Bath House, connected with the Hotel by an enclosed sunlighted viaduct—the *Spout Bath*, famous for Gout, Rheumatism, Nervous diseases, Sciatica, etc.—the exceptional medical attention and the opportunity for *absolute rest*, materially enhance the value of "the cure."

Riding and driving over delightful mountain trails, *Golfing* on one of the sportiest courses in America and a variety of *other sports give an added* zest to outdoor recreation.

The well known *Homestead standard of equipment and service* maintained throughout the year.

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graphically illustrates and describes the many charms of this ideal winter resort and fully dilates upon the therapeutic values of the famous waters. Copies upon request.

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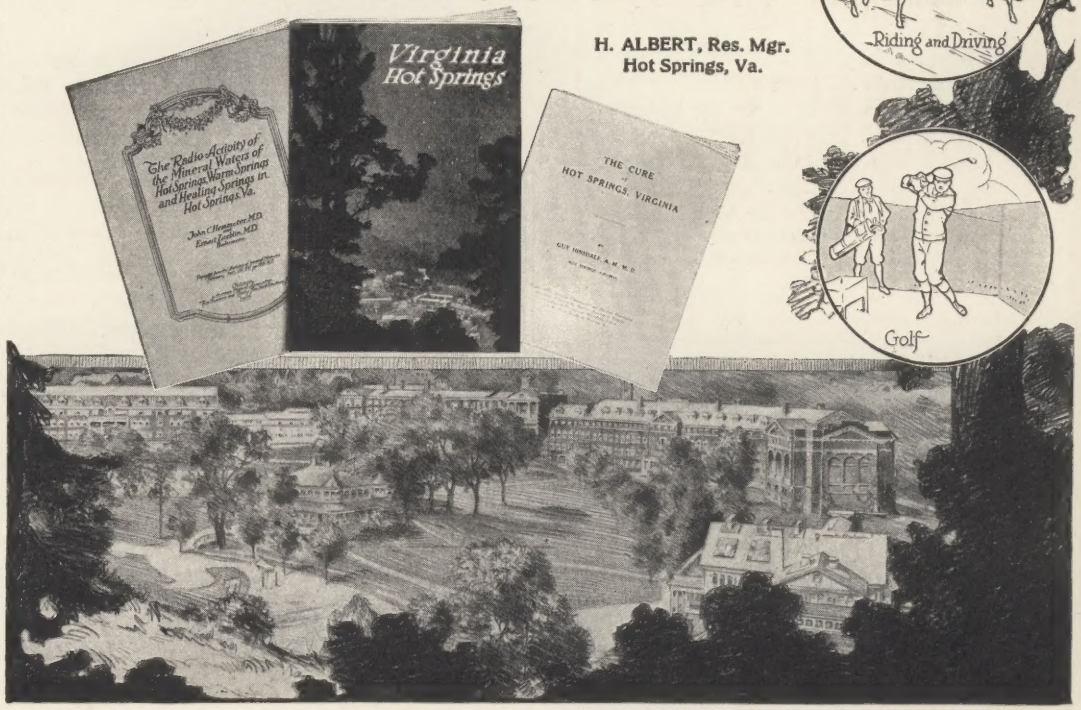

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Wall Street is a financial barometer. It is a center to which the country looks for the establishment of price values.—*Henry Clews.*

TRUE enough, but, as in the case of other barometers at which the public looks, it is unable to get any substantial information. Wall Street weather is like other weather. We can all tell what it was yesterday, but even the experts don't know what it will be to-morrow.

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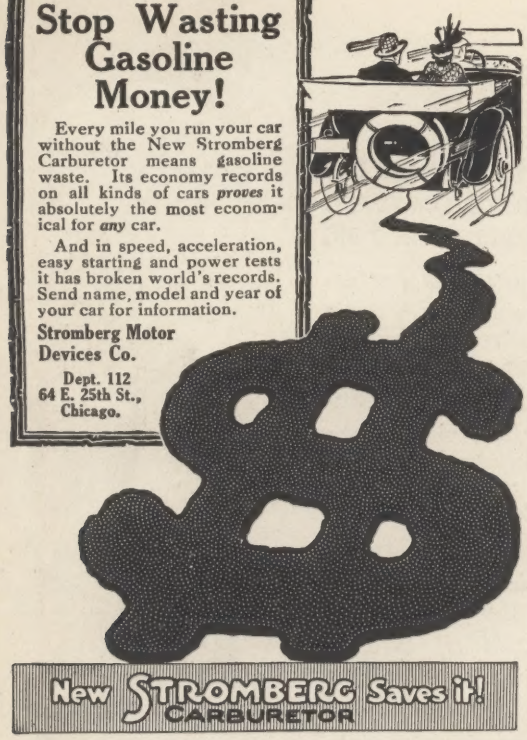

New STROMBERG Saves it! CARBURETOR

Thoughts of a Thinker

ALL criticism is flattery, especially if it be public, and it is invariably founded upon vanity. The critic performs two offices: he advertises you and depreciates himself. Nothing is more amusing, with a touch in it of pathos, than to see a small man pick at a big one. His delusion that what he says is of importance never relaxes.

I saw a man standing in a parlor the other evening talking philosophy, and it reminded me of a small boy who stood in that same room a few evenings previous, shooting off parlor fireworks.

Are there mental cannibals? I believe so. If four men who had spent their lives in reading the newspapers, talking prices and politics on trains and dipping into the magazines, should be cast adrift on a barren island, with plenty of food and water, their starving minds in a short time would fall on each other. It would be a case of "I am the cook and the captain bold."

We are all of us but speculators in the Stock Exchange of Time. We open up an account, with our minds and bodies as collateral, and most of us are trading upon a margin. Our hearts are tickers recording the fluctuations in the market. And how we watch it during the closing hours! For Time, like the gambler's broker, always sells us out!

"THE moving finger writes," says Omar, "and, having writ, moves on," but you are likely not to know what it has writ in LIFE *if you do not order your weekly copy in advance from your newsdealer.*

Dressing Well

IT isn't absolutely essential to your happiness that you dress well. The essential thing is that you know how to dress well. Having learned the art, you are entitled to do as you please. To emancipate yourself from the despotism of clothes you must become their master. To become their master you must go through all the stages of dressing well until you are thoroughly familiar with the fact the art of dressing well emanates more from the tailor who makes the clothes than from the dummy that wears them. Armed with this knowledge, you never more stand in awe of a man because he wears a particular brand of hat or carries a particular kind of walking-stick. Consequently you feel that you are his peer, if not his superior, and this feeling makes for happiness.

E. O. J.

VOGUE

Will Raise its Price to $5

The present rate of $4 holds good until February 15th

Owing to the tremendous increase in the cost of paper, labor and materials, Vogue—rather than lower its standard of production in the slightest degree—will raise its price on February 15th, from $4 a year to $5.

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a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown
will save you $400

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford.

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VOGUE

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher
EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE, Editor

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L. 1-25-17

"WELL, WELL! SO BILL'S GOIN' TO BE A BIRD DOG!"

And the Woman Said: "Come!"

THEY had lingered for a while at Courtship Corners, had paused for a few minutes at Hymen Junction, had passed down Honeymoon Lane, and were now on their way through the tangled forest, tramping stolidly along the uneven Road of Matrimony.

He carried his pack, and she carried hers.

At last they came to where the roads parted, one leading to the right, and one to the left.

Said the man: "This road to the left leads to the Prison of Debt. It is lined with department stores. The other road leads to the Castle of Riches. Which will you choose?"

The woman saw the great buildings, and said:

"Let's go to the left. There are some wonderful bargains there."

"But do you look up beyond? In that grim prison are people behind the bars, gazing hopelessly out into the far land of freedom."

"But the road is so pleasant. Besides, we may never reach the place of which you speak."

They chose the road to the left, the man shouldering his pack and protesting. They passed through Creditville, through Charge It Centre, through Auto Hollow and through Extension Circle. At last they reached the Prison of Debt.

Then the man said:

"I told you so." That is what the man always says.

The woman was more cheerful. She said:

"You should have refused to let me come this way. However, it is not so bad. We have each other. That is everything. I've been inquiring of the keeper, and he says we can obtain our freedom if we retrace our steps and go back to the parting."

They went back.

"Now we'll take the other road," said the man, cheerfully, "which we would have taken if—"

It was a hard road. Their eyes were blinded, their faces and hands scratched, and they were so lonely. But suddenly they emerged into the light, and took up their abode in the Castle of Riches.

One day they met.

And the woman said: "You see, I was right after all. I am more a slave here than I was behind bars. And so it may interest you to know that I am going back to the Prison of Debt—with another man."

He smiled.

"I like it fairly well here," he said, "but there is another girl who has been talking to me just as you did, and—I may see you later!"

GODOWSKY HEARS HIMSELF AS OTHERS HEAR HIM

His hands at his sides, Godowsky stood quietly in the wings while the marvelous instrument on the stage played his own interpretation of Liszt's Etude de Concert.

The music room of the Biltmore was crowded with a notable gathering of musicians and critics. They listened with growing amazement. Tone for tone, tempo for tempo, shade for shade—it was as truly Godowsky as a moment before, when the hands of the artist himself had struck the keys.

The perfection of the Ampico Reproducing Piano is now a matter of public record. That Godowsky should have consented to participate in this comparison of his art with a "player piano" however wonderful, is in itself an unprecedented tribute to the artistic and educational significance of the new invention, which musicians of the first rank have been quite ready to recognize.

A remarkable feature of the Ampico Reproducing Piano is that by the simple movement of a lever it may be transformed into a "player piano," playing any standard roll, to which you may impart your own interpretation. And the tone and touch of the piano itself are unimpaired for hand playing.

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is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write For Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tells how and why the MORLEY PHONE affords relief. Over a quarter of a million sold.

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The harmony of the mighty overture rises from the darkened pit; in the gallery hangs the canvas touched by the hand of genius; the block of marble is marble still until a Rodin hews it into life; the rarest tobaccos in all the world demand the touch of genius to achieve the perfect blend.

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-at good places you need not mention the name. Just ask for the best cigarette

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A Shilling in London
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